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THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

THE Queen of Prussia, on leaving Coblentz for Berlin, a few days ago, in consequence of the present unhappy war, issued the following address:—

To the inhabitants of Coblentz,—For twenty years I have lived in your midst. You have proved during that period, by your attachment to the King, to our children, and to myself, that firm ties are binding us together. To me it has always been a source of true pleasure to return to you, because I estimate at its full value our beautiful Rhineland. At the present moment I should like more than ever to remain with you, to give the help which I can give, but other serious duties call me away. In the patriotic enthusiasm of the German people we hear the voice of God. A retrospect on the sufferings of the past, and on the half century full of blessings which followed them, shows us how merciful God has been to this dear city, and that He will remain so, for our trust in Him is the surest guarantee for time and eternity. Your trust and fidelity will always last. You know that we remain together in our hearts with God to our next meeting. Augusta.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.
(From a celebrated Painting in the Royal Academy.)

The address is sufficiently interesting in itself at such a momentous time to claim admission here, but we give it, not only as showing the close relationship existing between Queen Augusta and her people, but as supplying a very good idea of the lady herself. Tourists visiting the charming watering-place of Baden-Baden during the spring or summer months have been almost certain to meet there, on their morning promenade in the grand old alley of Lichtenthal, an elderly lady of slender, though not very tall figure, whose distinguished appearance and the deference with which she is treated by her companions—generally three or four young ladies of aristocratic bearing—indicate that she must belong to the highest classes of society. Her toilette is always very simple, but exceedingly tasteful: she generally wears a dark grey silk dress; a long mantilla of grey cloth is wrapped round her shoulders, and a plain little straw bonnet covers her head. Her complexion is pale, and her face, which is somewhat emaciated and angular, bears the traces of long-continued sufferings, but also of great beauty; and her large eyes, although she is nearly sixty years of age, are still as lustrous as those of a young girl of eighteen. Her bearing is easy, graceful, and dignified; and that she must be a very kind-hearted woman is shown by the fact that she stands still every now and then and speaks with the nurses about the babies whom they carry in their arms, and fondles the little ones with all the gentleness of a tender-hearted matron. The poor old folks of the place, too, seem to know her well; they greet her with smiling reverence, and sometimes she hails some old woman that passes by, and gives her a piece of money, which is doubly appreciated on account of the unaffected kindness with which it is bestowed. Few of the aristocratic ladies and gentlemen on the promenade seem to recognise her; but when she approaches it is noticeable that their loud conversation is hushed, and every body assumes a respectful attitude. The stranger seeing the lady for the first time under these circumstances, rarely fails to inquire who she is, and an exclamation of surprise generally escapes him when he hears the answer, "That lady is her Majesty Queen Augusta of Prussia!"

Yes, that elderly, kind-looking lady in the grey silk dress and the plain grey mantilla is the consort of the victor of Sadowa, and if the present war end favourably for Prussia, probably destined to ascend the throne of the great United German empire. Queen Augusta of Prussia has long been in feeble health, and as the tepid and balmy air of Baden-Baden agrees with her exceedingly well, she has regularly passed there nearly seven months in the year. The life which she leads at Baden-Baden is such as to fill with profound astonishment those who cannot fancy royal personages without coupling with them ideas of great pomp and splendour. The house in which she lives there does not belong to her, but she rents it of the owner, who is at liberty to dispose of it in the same way to other parties as soon as her Majesty returns to Coblentz, provided she can occupy it again in the following spring. Nor is it a very elegant villa; on the contrary, it is small, and its apartments are furnished in very unpretending style. A plain mahogany table and bureau, a small divan, two or three fauteuils, and half a dozen chairs, all covered with crimson plush, constitute the furniture of the small square room in which the Queen of Prussia passes most of her time when she is at Baden-Baden, and whose only attractions are its proximity to the Kurhaus-park, and the fine vista which opens before its ivy-clad windows. The three bedrooms of the house are likewise furnished with extreme simplicity; many a German *bourgeoise* sleeping on a more elegant bedstead than her queen.

Such is the description that a recent well-informed but anonymous writer gives of her Majesty, yet, as he adds, it would be a grievous mistake to imagine that this Queen, who leads the simple and unpretending life of a German *bourgeoise* whenever she is away from Berlin or Potsdam, is deficient in refinement, or unequal to the exalted position which she occupies. On the contrary, averse as Augusta of Prussia is to pomp and display (a disposition which goes so far that her husband often jocularly calls her "Queen Incognita"), ther

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are among the crowned ladies of Europe none more accomplished, brilliant, and dignified. An ardent lover of art, literature, and science, a friend and protectress of all the eminent authors and artists who have gathered at the Prussian Court during the last thirty-five years, a writer and poet of considerable ability, an excellent musician and painter, she is the worthy successor of Sophie Charlotte, who is still celebrated in the annals of the Royal house of Prussia as the "Philosophical Queen," and the friend of Leibnitz and Handel.

Queen Augusta of Prussia, who was born at Weimar on the 30th of September, 1811, is daughter of that noble young Duchess of Saxony who, on the 16th of October, 1806, the day after the battle of Jena, met Napoleon at the landing of the staircase of the palace of Weimar. Napoleon was extremely exasperated at the conduct of her husband the Duke Charles of Saxe-Weimar, who commanded a division in the Prussian army, and had resolved to treat his states with unsparing severity. As soon as he caught sight of the young Duchess the victorious French Imperator told her bluntly that she and her country need not look for any forbearance on his part. "No, Sire," she said, stepping close up to him, and fixing her tearful eyes beseechingly on him, "you have gained so much glory that you can well afford to have mercy on a poor young mother, and on the unfortunate population of the principality of a man who, in joining the forces of your enemies, simply obeyed the voice of duty and honour." The young Duchess looked so grief-stricken as she uttered these words, and withal so beautiful and dignified, that the grim conqueror was touched, and, seizing her hand, he exclaimed, "For your sake, then, Madame, I will forgive your husband!" and, when he afterwards was alone with Rapp and Duroc, he said, "What a noble and true-hearted woman she is!"

This courageous young Duchess was the mother of the subject of our present sketch, who was a remarkably fine-looking child. Often indeed did the great poet Goethe take her in his arms, and, gazing with his magnificent eyes into hers, call down upon her, in his impressive manner, the choicest blessings of Heaven. Already at an early age the young princess, who lived in that literary atmosphere of Weimar, showed that she was the worthy daughter of her gifted mother, and the true grand-daughter of that noble Duchess Amelia, the friend and protectress of Schiller and Herder. She was not quite eleven years old when she presented Goethe, on his seventy-third birthday, with a laurel wreath and some congratulatory verses, which she recited to him with such a charming grace that the great man was quite overcome, and, as the little girl was dressed entirely in white, and tastefully adorned with roses and other flowers, thenceforth only called her "my lovely queen of flowers." In her fifteenth year she wrote some poems which were greatly admired, and she was so clever a reader that when Jean Paul Friedrich Richter visited the Court of Weimar a few months before his death, he was both astonished and delighted at the deep feeling with which the young princess recited to him some striking passages from his "Titan" and "Levana."

Carl von Holtei, the eminent dramatist, wrote in the year 1827 from Weimar:—

"At this court I have formed the acquaintance of a little fairy, the Princess Augusta, who is endowed with such remarkable talents, and animated with so much taste and admiration for all that is great and beautiful, that she bids fair to eclipse her grandmother Amelia; and, at the same time, she is so pretty, kind-hearted, and vivacious, that everybody at court loves her as the apple of his eye."

Under these circumstances it was but natural that quite a number of young princes were anxious to win the hand and heart of Augusta of Saxe-Weimar. Among her suitors were Swedish, Russian, Danish, and Saxon princes; but she decided finally, with the consent of her parents, in favour of the present King, then Prince William of Prussia, the second son of King Frederick William the Third., a young prince who, although not noted for the brilliancy of his mind and literary ability, was a man of good education, excellent character, and remarkably fine appearance. He had made the acquaintance of the Princess Augusta during a visit which she had paid to her aunt Elizabeth in Potsdam; and she had made so deep an impression upon him that he visited the court of Weimar not less than six times during the next twelve months; and when his father, the blunt Frederick William the Third, toward the close of the year 1828, told him that it was time for him to look for a wife, Prince William took him quite by surprise by replying that he had already attended to that matter and selected the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Weimar, who, he believed, would not reject him if he should propose to her.

The King, who knew the young princess, was much pleased with this answer, and Prince William set out at once for Weimar. It is not known exactly in what manner he offered his hand and heart to Augusta, but on the evening of the second day after his arrival at Weimar a soirée was given at the ducal palace, and when the guests were all assembled, the Duke, seizing the hands of his daughter Augusta and of Prince William of Prussia, both of whom looked exceedingly happy, announced the betrothal of the young couple.

Their wedding took place a few months afterwards amidst imposing ceremonies at the Schlosskirche of Weimar, and the young couple then set out for Berlin, amidst the tearful blessings of the good people of Weimar, who had learned to love and revere their accomplished young princess.

The Cryptogram.

By the Author of "The Dodge Club," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TIME sped rapidly and uneventfully by. Guy's letters from India formed almost the only break in the monotony of the household. Zillah soon found herself, against her will, sharing in the general eagerness respecting these letters. It would have been a very strong mind indeed, or a very obdurate heart, which could have remained unmoved at Lord Chetwynde's delight when he received his boy's letters. Their advent was also the Hegira from which everything in the family dated. Apart, however, from the halo which surrounded these letters, they were interesting in themselves. Guy wrote easily and well. His letters to his father were half familiar, half filial; a mixture of love and good-fellowship, showing a sort of union, so to speak, of the son with the younger brother. They were full of humour also, and made up of descriptions of life in the East, with all its varied wonders. Besides this, Guy happened to be stationed at the very place where General Pomeroy had been Resident for so many years; and he himself had command of one of the hill stations where Zillah herself had once been sent to pass the summer. These places of which Guy's letters treated possessed for her a peculiar interest, surrounded as they were by some of the pleasantest associations of her life; and thus, from very many causes, it happened that she gradually came to take an interest in these letters which increased rather than diminished as time went by.

In one of these there had once come a note inclosed to Zillah, condoling with her on her father's death. It was manly and sympathetic, and not at all stiff. Zillah had received it when her bitter feelings were in the ascendant, and did not think of answering it until Hilda urged on her the necessity of doing so. It is just possible that if Hilda had made use of different arguments she might have persuaded Zillah to send some sort of an answer, if only to please the Earl. The arguments, however, which she did use happened to be singularly ill-chosen. The "husband" loomed largely in them, and there were very many direct allusions to marital authority. As these were Zillah's sorest points, such references only served to excite fresh repugnance, and strengthen Zillah's determination not to write. Hilda, however, persisted in her efforts; and the result was that finally, at the end of one long and rather stormy discussion, Zillah passionately threw the letter at her, saying:—

"If you are so anxious to have it answered, do it yourself. It is a world of pities he is not your husband instead of mine, you seem so wonderfully anxious about him."

"It is unkind of you to say that," replied Hilda, in a meek voice, "when you know that my sympathy and anxiety are all for you, and you alone. You argue with me as though I had some interest in it; but what possible interest can it be to me?"

"Oh, well, dearest Hilda," said Zillah, instantly appeased; "I'm always pettish; but you won't mind, will you? You never mind my ways."

"I've a great mind to take you at your word," said Hilda, after a thoughtful pause, "and write it for you. It ought to be answered, and you won't; so why should I not do the part of a friend, and answer it for you?"

Zillah started, and seemed just a little nettled.

"Oh, I don't care," she said, with assumed indifference. "If you choose to take the trouble, why I am sure I ought to be under obligations to you. At any rate, I shall be glad to get rid of it so long as I have nothing to do with it. I suppose it must be done."

Hilda made some protestations of her devotion to Zillah, and some further conversation followed, all of which resulted in this—that *Hilda wrote the letter in Zillah's name*, and signed that name *in her own hand*, and under Zillah's own eye, and with Zillah's half-reluctant, half-pettish concurrence.

Out of this beginning there flowed results of an important character, which were soon perceived even by Zillah, though she was forced to keep her feelings to herself. Occasional notes came afterward from time to time for Zillah, and were answered in the same way by Hilda. All this Zillah endured quietly, but with real repugnance, which increased until the change took place in her feelings which has been mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, when she at length determined to put an end to such an anomalous state of things and assert herself. It was difficult to do so. She loved Hilda dearly, and placed perfect confidence in her. She was too guileless to dream of any sinister motive in her friend; and the only difficulty of which she was conscious was the fear that Hilda might suspect the change in her feelings toward Guy. The very idea of Hilda's finding this out alarmed her sensitive pride, and made her defer for a long time her intent. At length, however, she felt unable to do so any longer, and determined to run the risk of disclosing the state of her feelings.

So one day, after the receipt of a note to herself, a slight degree more friendly than usual, she hinted to Hilda rather shyly that she would like to answer it herself.

"Oh, I am *so* glad, darling!" cried Hilda, enthusiastically. "It will be so much nicer for you to do it yourself. It will relieve me from embarrassment, for, after all, my position *was* embarrassing—writing for you always—and then, you know, you will write far better letters than I can."

"It will be a Heaven-born gift then," returned Zillah, laughing, "as I never wrote a letter in my life."

"That is nothing," said Hilda, "I write for another; but you will be writing for yourself, and that makes all the difference in the world, you know."

"Well, perhaps so. You see, Hilda I have taken a fancy to try my hand at it," said Zillah, laughingly, full of delight at the ease with which she had gained her desire. "You see," she went on, with unusual sprightliness of manner, "I got hold of a 'Complete Letter-Writer' this morning; and the beauty, elegance, and even eloquence of those amazing compositions have so excited me that I want to emulate them. Now it happens that Guy is the only correspondent that I have, and so he must be my first victim."

So saying, Zillah laughingly opened her desk, while Hilda's dark eyes regarded her with sharp and eager watchfulness.

"You must not make it too eloquent, dear," said she. "Remember the very common-place epistles that you have been giving forth in your name."

"Don't be alarmed," said Zillah. "If it is not exactly like a child's first composition we shall all have great cause for thankfulness."

So saying, she took out a sheet of paper.

"Here," said she, "is an opportunity of using some of this elaborately monogrammed paper which poor darling papa got for me, because I wanted to see how they could work my unpromising 'Z' into a respectable cipher. They have made it utterly illegible, and I believe that is the great point to be attained."

Thus rattling on, she dated her letter, and began to write. She wrote as far as—

"My Dear Guy."—Then she stopped, and read it aloud—"This is really getting most exciting," she said, in high good-humour. "Now what comes next? To find the beginning—there's the rub. I must turn to my 'Complete Letter-Writer.' Let me see, '*Letter from a Son at School*'—that won't do. '*From a Lady to a Lover returning a Miniature*'—nor that. '*From a Suitor requesting to be allowed to pay his attentions to a Lady*'—worse and worse. '*From a Father declining the application of a Suitor for his Daughter's hand*'—absurd! Oh, here we are—'*From a Wife to a Husband who is absent on urgent business.*' Oh, listen, Hilda!" and Zillah read:—

"'Beloved and Honoured Husband,—*The grief which wrung my heart at your departure has been mitigated by the delight which I experienced at the receipt of your most welcome letter.*' Isn't that delightful? Unluckily his departure didn't wring my heart at all, and, worse still, I have no grief at his absence to be mitigated by his letters. Alas! I'm afraid mine must be an exceptional case, for even my 'Complete Letter-Writer,' my vade-mecum, which goes into such charming details, cannot help me. After all I suppose I must use my own poor brains."

After all this nonsense Zillah suddenly grew serious. Hilda seemed to understand the cause of her extravagant volatility, and watched her closely. Zillah began to write, and went on rapidly, without a moment's hesitation; without any signs whatever of that childish inexperience at which she had hinted. Her pen flew over the paper with a speed which seemed to show that she had plenty to say, and knew perfectly well how to say it. So she went on until she had filled two pages, and was proceeding to the third. Then an exclamation from Hilda caused her to look up.

"My dear Zillah," cried Hilda, who was sitting in a chair a little behind her, "what in the world are you thinking of? From this distance I can distinguish your somewhat peculiar caligraphy—with its bold down strokes and decided 'character' that people talk about. Now, as you know that I write a little, cramped, German hand, you will have to imitate my humble hand-writing, or else I'm afraid Captain Molyneux will be thoroughly puzzled—unless, indeed, you tell him that you have been employing an amanuensis. That will require a good deal of explanation, but—" she added, after a thoughtful pause, "I dare say it will be the best in the end."

At these words Zillah started, dropped her pen, and sat looking at Hilda perfectly aghast.

"I never thought of that," she murmured, and sat with an expression of the deepest dejection. At length a long sigh escaped her.

"You are right, Hilda," she said. "Of course it will need explanation; but how is it possible to do that in a letter? It can't be done. At least I can't do it. What shall I do?"

She was silent, and sat for a long time looking deeply vexed and disappointed.

"Of course," she said, at last, "he will have to know all when he comes back; but that is nothing. How

utterly stupid it was in me not to think of the difference in our writing! And now I suppose I must give up my idea of writing a letter. It is really hard—I have not a single correspondent."

Her deep disappointment, her vexation, and her feeble attempt to conceal her emotions, were not lost upon the watchful Hilda. But the latter showed no signs that she had noticed anything.

"Oh, don't give it up!" she answered, with apparent eagerness. "I dare say you can copy my hand accurately enough to avoid detection. Here is a note I wrote yesterday. See if you can't imitate that, and make your writing as like mine as possible."

So saying she drew a note from her pocket and handed it to Zillah. The other took it eagerly, and began to try to imitate it, but a few strokes showed her the utter impossibility of such an undertaking. She threw down the pen, and leaning her head upon her hand, sat looking upon the floor in deeper dejection than ever.

"I can't copy such horrid cramped letters," she said, pettishly; "why should you write such a hand? Besides, I feel as if I were really forging, or doing something dreadful. I suppose," she added, with unconcealed bitterness of tone, "we shall have to go on as we began, and you must be *Zillah Molyneux* for some time longer."

Hilda laughed.

"Talk of forging!" she said. "What is forging if that is not? But really, Zillah, darling, you seem to me to show more feeling about this than I ever supposed you could possibly be capable of. Are you aware that your tone is somewhat bitter, and that if I were sensitive I might feel hurt? Do you mean by what you said to lay any blame to me?"

She spoke so sadly and reproachfully that Zillah's heart smote her. At once her disappointment and vexation vanished at the thought that she had spoken unkindly to her friend.

"Hilda!" she cried, "you cannot think that I am capable of such ingratitude. You have most generously given me your services all this time. You have been right from the very first, and I have been wrong. You have taken a world of trouble to obviate the difficulties which my own obstinacy and temper have caused. If any trouble could possibly arise, I only could be to blame. But after all, none can arise. I'm sure Captain Molyneux will very readily believe that I disliked him too much when he first went away to dream of writing to him. He certainly had every reason for thinking so."

"Shall you tell him that?" said Hilda, mildly, without referring to Zillah's apologies.

"Certainly I shall," said Zillah, "if the opportunity ever arises. The simple truth is always the easiest and the best. I think he is already as well aware as he can be of the fact; and after all, why should I, or how could I, have liked him under the circumstances? I knew nothing of him whatever; and everything—yes, everything, was against him."

"You know no more of him now," said Hilda, "and yet, though you are very reticent on the subject, I have a shrewd suspicion, my darling, that you do not dislike him."

As she spoke she looked earnestly at Zillah as if to read her inmost soul.

Zillah was conscious of that sharp, close scrutiny, and blushed crimson, as this question which thus concerned her most sacred feelings was brought home to her so suddenly. But she answered, as lightly as she could:—

"How can you say that, or even hint at it? How absurd you are, Hilda! I know no more of him now than I knew before. Of course I hear very much about him at Chetwynde, but what of that? He certainly pervades the whole atmosphere of the house. The one idea of Lord Chetwynde is Guy; and as for Mrs. Hart, I think if he wished to use her for a target she would be delighted. Death at such hands would be bliss to her. She treasures up every word he has ever spoken, from his earliest infancy to the present day."

"And I suppose that is enough to account for the charm which you seem to find in her society," rejoined Hilda. "It has rather puzzled me, I confess. For my own part I have never been able to break through the reserve which she chooses to throw around her. I cannot get beyond the barest civilities with her, though I'm sure I've tried to win her good-will more than I ever tried before, which is rather strange, for, after all, there is no reason whatever why I should try anything of the kind. She seems to have a very odd kind of feeling toward me. She looks at me sometimes so strangely that she positively gives me an uncomfortable feeling. She seems frightened to death if my dress brushes against hers. She shrinks away. I believe she is not sane. In fact, I m sure of it."

"Poor old Mrs. Hart!" said Zillah. "I suppose she does seem a little odd to you; but I know her well, and I assure you she is as far removed from insanity as I am. Still, she is undoubtedly queer. Do you know, Hilda, she seems to me to have had some terrible sorrow which has crushed all her spirit and almost her very life. I have no idea whatever of her past life. She is very reticent. She never even so much as hints at it."

"I daresay she has very good reasons," interrupted Hilda.

"Don't talk that way about her, dear Hilda. You are too ill-natured, and I can't bear to have ill-natured things said about the dear old thing. You don't know her as I do, or you would never talk so."

"Oh, Zillah—really—you feel my little pleasantries too much. It was only a thoughtless remark."

"She seems to me," said Zillah, musingly, after a thoughful silence, "to be a very mysterious person. Though I love her dearly, I see that there is some mystery about her. Whatever her history may be she is evidently far above her present position, for when she does allow herself to talk she has the manner and accent of a refined lady. Yes, there is a deep mystery about her which is utterly beyond my comprehension. I remember once when she had been talking for a long time about Guy and his wonderful qualities, I suddenly happened to ask her some trivial question about her life before she came to Chetwynde; but she looked at me so wild and frightened, that she really startled me. I was so terrified that I instantly changed the conversation, and rattled on so as to give her time to recover herself, and prevent her from discovering my feelings."

"Why, how very romantic!" said Hilda, with a smile. "You seem, from such circumstances, to have brought yourself to consider our very prosaic housekeeper as almost a princess in disguise. I, for my part, look upon her as a very common person, so weak-minded, to say the least, as to be almost half-witted. As to her accent, that is nothing. I dare say she has seen better days. I have heard more than once of ladies in destitute or reduced circumstances who have been obliged to take to housekeeping. After all, it is not bad. I am sure it must be far better than being a governess."

"Well, if I am romantic, you are certainly prosaic enough. At all events I love Mrs. Hart dearly. But come, Hilda, if you are going to write you must do so at once, for the letters are to be posted this afternoon."

Hilda instantly went to the desk and began her task. Zillah, however, went away. Her chagrin and disappointment were so great that she could not stay, and she even refused afterwards to look at the note which Hilda showed her. In fact, after that she would never look at them at all.

Some time after this Zillah and Mrs. Hart were together on one of those frequent occasions which they made use of for confidential interviews. Somehow Zillah had turned the conversation from Guy in person to the subject of her correspondence, and gradually told all to Mrs. Hart. At this she looked deeply shocked and grieved.

"That girl," she said, "has some secret motive."

She spoke with a bitterness which Zillah had never before noticed in her.

"Secret motive!" she repeated, in wonder; "what in the world do you mean?"

"She is bad and deceitful," said Mrs. Hart, with energy; "you are trusting your life and honour in the hands of a false friend."

Zillah started back and looked at Mrs. Hart in utter wonder.

"I know," said she, at last, "that you don't like Hilda, but I feel hurt when you use such language about her. She is my oldest and dearest friend. She is my sister virtually. I have known her all my life, and know her to her heart's core. She is incapable of any dishonourable action, and she loves me like herself."

All Zillah's enthusiastic generosity was aroused in defending against Mrs. Hart's charge a friend whom she so dearly loved.

Mrs. Hart sadly shook her head.

"My dear child," said she, "you know I would not hurt your feelings for the world. I am sorry. I will say nothing more about her, since you love her. But don't you feel that you are in a very false position?"

"But what can I do? There is the difficulty about the handwriting. And then it has gone on so long."

"Write to him at all hazards," said Mrs. Hart, "and tell him everything."

Zillah shook her head.

"Well, then—will you let me?"

"How can I? No; it must be done by myself—if it ever is done; and as to writing it myself—I cannot."

Such a thought was indeed abhorrent. After all it seemed to her in itself nothing. She employed an amanuensis to compose those formal notes which went in her name. And what fault was there? To Mrs. Hart, whose whole life was bound up in Guy, it was impossible to look at this matter, except as to how it affected him. But Zillah had other feelings—other memories. The very proposal to write a "confession" fired her heart with stern indignation. At once all her resentment was roused. Memory brought back again in vivid colours that hideous mockery of a marriage over the deathbed of her father, with reference to which, in spite of her changed feelings, she had never ceased to think that it might have been avoided, and ought to have been. Could she stoop to confess to this man anything whatever? Impossible!

Mrs. Hart did not know Zillah's thoughts. She supposed she was trying to find a way to extricate herself from her difficulty. So she made one further suggestion.

"Why not tell all to Lord Chetwynde? Surely you can do that easily enough. He will understand all, and explain all."

"I cannot," said Zillah, coldly. "It would be doubting my friend—the loving friend who is to me the same as a sister—who is the only companion I have ever had. She is the one that I love dearest on earth, and to do anything apart from her is impossible. You do not know her—I do—and I love her. For her I would give up every other friend."

At this Mrs. Hart looked sadly away, and then the matter of the letters ended. It was never again brought up.

(To be continued.)

Romance of the Pocket-handkerchief.—It was no secret to the world at large that the pocket-handkerchief was a valuable adjunct to that unspoken conversation which forms so large a proportion of certain kinds of talk, but the existence of a regular code of signals was unknown to us, says a daily contemporary, until we saw published in an American paper a few "simple rules for the management of the handkerchief," by which "a maiden, should mamma be on the *qui vive*, may communicate freely with her adorer." Some of the signals are certainly of questionable utility. The young lady who winds her handkerchief round her third finger indicates that she is married, but if so, is not such private signalling out of place for her? So, too, is it not competent for mamma to be as well posted in the code as her young friends, and we can imagine her watching with some amusement such a pantomime as this: He; Handkerchief drawn across lips. She; Drops handkerchief. He; draws it across forehead. She; Draws a knot downwards and towards her suddenly. He; Crumples his handkerchief. She; Ties a knot in the middle. He; Winds handkerchief in and out of the fingers of the left hand. The above signifies, "I am desirous of your acquaintance." "We must be friends." "We are watched." "Come this evening." "I am impatient." "There are other eyes on you." "Will you be there?" Of course she will and so will mamma, unless ignorant spectators of the pantomime have supposed the young people to be lunatics, and have taken coercive measures accordingly!

"THIS WICKED WORLD."

ONE winter's day, some years ago,
I came to dwell on earth;
The parish clerk, with solemn form,
He registered my birth.

No pauper I. Ten lovely toes
Were mine to have and hold;
And also two as rosy fists
As e'er made baby bold.

I revell'd in dreams of catnip tea,
And lullaby and rattle;
And varied all the waking hours
With "gug-gal-loo" for prattle.

But all at once there came a pang;
My stomach was not kind.
Thinks I—a young philosopher—
This world is full of wind.

I suffered oft, I suffered sore—
Mamma's poor little bantam!
'Twas then I learned this world was full
Of cholera infantum.

Then came the first grand balance act,
And then the feat of walking;
Then "mam-mam," "pap-pa-pap," and then
The miracle of talking!

So far, so good. I'd tasted joys,
And arrow-root, and sweets;
And found the world, upon the whole,
A realm of jolly treats.

But soon there came an alphabet
To vex and plague its betters;
'Twas now as plain as A, B, C,
This was a world of letters.

Henceforth life's troubles came and went
Like troops of busy weasels;
Now 'twas a world of whooping-cough,
And now a world of measles.

Then "two times two," and "four and six,"
They came to vex my slumbers,
And prove, since figures never lie,
This sphere a world of numbers.

So boyhood sped. I learned the power
That early pluck discloses;
And, for a while, this life stood forth
A world of battered noses.

Next "Lalla Rookh" and "Rasselas,"
And thoughts that burned, on paper;
Hazing; a valedictory;
The student's midnight taper.

Then came a glance, a dash of pink,
A voice than music sweeter,
A lovely form—"Good world," I cried,
"There ne'er was aught completer!"

There ne'er was aught so sweet as love—
That gift of wondrous leaven;
It raised the world to Paradise—
Nay, earth itself was heaven!

Married and settled: so men said.
The busy years still flew.
This was a world of marketing,
Yet a world of comfort too.

Money was needed—little shoes,
And little hats and frocks,
And household goods—and so it grew
To be a world of stocks.

A world of stocks one hour, and next
A world of blessed pleasure—
The home-world and the outer world
Divided dross and treasure.

But all the while a gladsome pulse
Within my heart was leaping,
Because the Father, overhead,
His watch and ward was keeping.

Trouble and joy, and care and pain,
They filled the measure duly;
Yet that the Lord of all was good
I knew and felt it truly.

If now and then some injury
Was dealt me by my fellow,
I tried to think the bruised heart
Was only getting mellow.

Well, wife and I, still hand in hand,
Are trudging on together;
We find the world more gold than gilt,
More worth than fuss-and-feather.

But as for wickedness—why, that's
What puzzles me, to find it
Called wholly wicked, when we know
There's so much good behind it.

If folks would let the world go by,
And just stick close to duty,
Taking life's blessings as they come,
And drinking in earth's beauty,

It seems to me the flag of cant
Would in a trice be furled,
And only wicked lips would call
God's world a wicked world.

Anon.

Essays and Sketches.

THE OLD ATTIC.

By CHARLOTTE N. CORDNER.

WHAT a famous old place it was, with its high, pointed roof, ribbed across with tanned, rough-looking beams, where gossamer webs idly swung, and tiny points of light sometimes winked down upon us through the shingles. Famous, I say; for in fancy we had frescoed every beam and rafter over with our childish imaginings, till the place seemed fairy land to us. Barren of furniture (in a material sense), save a pair of large brass handirons, two old chairs, and half-worn saddle-bags which had once journeyed from a neighbouring city, filled with golden apples for us children, the memory of which had hallowed it in my eyes ever since. Long ago had the fruit vanished, but the fragrance of it still lingered, and many a time would my little restless hands steal down into the great leathern pocket, vainly wishing to find another apple still there.

Then what shadows grouped themselves together down the darkened stairway. For there were two ways of ascending to the attic, one of which possessed a kind of friendly familiarity to me, being connected with that portion of the house most habitable; and the other, probably from disuse and the possession of a door at the foot of it, which shut out the light, always suggested the thought that there were robbers and pirates lurking there, and I never could exactly rid my mind of the idea, when forced to pass down them, that I did brush past such misty shadows, spectral and grim.

But compensation existed in a measure for these fancies in many an opposite attraction in the old attic—as many a merry frolic we sometimes had, with the old, quaint clothes, worn and rusty, which hung on a row of pegs, on one of the beams. How often I have swept round the dusty floor, dragging a long trail after me, with my little face quite lost from sight in a large green calash (an old style of bonnet, which had long been out of vogue), imagining I was a queen, and (little five-year-older that I was) displaying all the airs and graces of stately walk—benignant, patronising rejoinder, and pat of the hand on my sister and companions, who, by the way, were all older than I was, but, from some cause or other, always naturally seemed to drop into the place of subjects to me, which I quite as naturally accepted, well liking dominion.

Then there were other days, *long* and *tedious* I often found them before night came, when my train was a string of crape, tied at the waist, which often caused me great annoyance, from its length, as unsympathising people would continually bring me to a stand-still in my patterings about by putting a hasty foot on it. This bit of mourning, surreptitiously purloined from the attic's store, was worn for a deceased hen, whose funeral I generally attended. Thus, born from the attic's treasure, did the feelings of womanhood gradually creep into my young heart, leaving their first impressions there as a base for all my after life to build upon.

Then the stolen delights sometimes obtained when I tiptoed up there all alone after school hours, to play with the kittens, for Pussy was as fond of the attic as I was, and there many a generation of kittens were born, brought up, and educated in all the little playful, graceful ways of kittenhood (which charmed me so much), and then passed on to the sobriety of maturity.

One of my chief attractions up there lay at the back of the roughly-finished chimney, where no floor was laid. There, among the beams and rafters, I found a large field for my imagination to work in, and also my hands, for sometimes I had my hunting-days, and would spend hours groping amid the dust and papers, lath and plaster, in search of a picture-book I felt certain was hidden there. No little danger, to my childish mind, was connected with these proceedings, as they were always attended by visions of my breaking through the ceiling, and being precipitated on to the floor below, having been frequently warned that such would be the case if I persisted in going there. But the danger rather fascinated me than otherwise, as then I would fancy it was a ship, and that the beams were surely safe, after which reflection I would perch myself on one, and commence fishing once more in the rubbish below for imagined treasure. From these fishing excursions I generally returned weary and heated, having brought up from the depths below some lost baby rags, which I had grieved over as irretrievably gone, and now, having regained, found them to be a panacea for all my restlessness.

Another resource of mine was the trunk of old books, wedged in between the eaves, which, from pure repletion of big words and mystic lore, seemed to have burst their coverings, leaving exposed to the dust and moth many a wise thought, o'er which my eyes grew round with wonder as at times I pored over them, vainly endeavouring to understand what they were all about.

Then the strange, huge knots on the beams, which were so suggestive of eyes, had a weirdness in them. One of them in particular, I remember as bearing so strong a resemblance to an alligator, that I used to shrink away whenever I passed it, for fear it would wink at me.

But, best of all, were the old spells of stillness and calm which used to come over me there sometimes, as if a Great Spirit held me in his arms; then such peace and trust would sweep through every inward avenue that I knew no fear.

At such times I would sit by the little window, bathed in the beams of the setting sun, and dreamily gaze on the green pastures stretching far away, and wonder who God was, and what power it was that seemed ever beckoning me away from father, mother, brother, and sister, to bathe in this flood of inward stillness. Did my feet then wander in spirit in the green pastures, beside the still waters?

Ah! old attic, many a scene of gaiety and revel I have passed through since then. Yet never has life's great harp been swept in spirit by more gentle hands than passed over its chords in those six years when as a queen I reigned within your dusty realm. The roses have faded and died beside the door, and the trees have grown ragged and old each side of the gate, telling that Time's dusky wing has brushed them by. Yet fresh as the events of yesterday rise the childish memories connected with my kingdom there!

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

GLADLY now we gather round it,
For the toiling work is done,
And the grey and solemn twilight
Follows down the golden sun;
Shadows lengthen down the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusky casement,
Creep around the firelit room.
Draw the curtains!—close the shutters!
Place the slippers by the fire!
Though the rude wind loudly mutters,
What care we for wind-sprite's ire?

What care we for outward seeming?
Fickle Fortune's frown or smile?
If around us Love is beaming—
Love can human ills beguile!
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,
From the peasant to the king,
All are quaffing from Life's chalice,
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing—music flowing
From the lips we love the best;
Oh, the joy—the bliss—in knowing
There are hearts whereon to rest.

Hearts that throb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own—
With grim Care and haunting Sadness
Mingle ne'er to look nor tone.
Care may tread the halls of Daylight—
Sadness haunt the Midnight hour—
But the weird and witching Twilight
Brings the glowing Hearthstone's dower.
Altar of our holiest feelings!
Childhood's well-remembered shrine!
Spirit-yearnings—soul-revealings,
Wreaths immortal round thee twine!

GRACE APPLETON.

Home Employments and Embellishments.

FANCY PICTURE-FRAMES FOR HOMES OF TASTE.

AT present there is quite a rage for fancy picture-frames, and the shop-windows, as well as sitting-rooms and libraries of people of taste, abound in various specimens of carved walnut and other dark frames, which to most persons are far prettier than the stiff gilt ones of former days, and for engravings or photographs are especially appropriate.

In carved wood an endless variety of designs is to be met with; some very elaborate, and others within the capabilities of almost any one who can handle a penknife.

We have even met with some very pretty imitations of carved wood, produced by laying hot pieces of iron on the smooth wood, so as to burn the impression into the surface. Various figures can thus be formed, and the darkened appearance given to it by this operation is not objectionable.

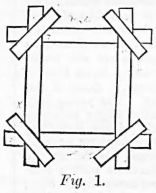

Fig. 1.

Instead of joining the frames in the corners, as usually done, the most approved fashion now-a-days is to have them cross and project an inch or two beyond the corner: and often, for variety, another piece is made to cross these corners diagonally, as represented in Fig. 1.

The best and prettiest material for such frames is black walnut, finished in boiled linseed-oil; but a very good substitute can be provided in ash, chestnut, or even white pine, which, after the carving is finished, may be treated with a coat of vandyke brown, mixed in turpentine; if this is not dark enough when dry, repeat the coat. The wood will thus be *stained*, not *painted*, and, when rubbed down with fine sand-paper and glass, may be oiled as walnut.

Pretty imitations of the carved frames are made by the addition of leaves and flowers of leather-work, which should be made of thick leather, so as to increase the desired resemblance to carvings. An ivy-vine entwined round the sides, or a few leaves and flowers in the corners, will have a pretty effect. Full directions for leather-work have already been given in our columns; therefore they need not be repeated here.

The frame having been stained as before directed, and the leaves and flowers prepared, they must be securely fastened to the wood with fine gimp tacks, so that they will adhere closely, and be in no danger of brushing off when dusted. Then stain them to match the rest of the frame, and either varnish with a small brush, or leave it without to represent oiled work.

A pretty frame is made by combining the cone and acorn work with the leather-work. Thus oak leaves in leather are excellent imitations of the brown forest leaves at the time the acorns are ripe; and by using the natural acorns, glued firmly on, with the leather leaves, the effect of the combination is exceedingly happy.

Pretty moulded oval frames may be obtained from the turner's in the state in which they are taken to the gilder's. After staining the frame, if found to be too rough, a good coat of shellac must be applied, and when dried in, the whole surface must be rubbed well with sand-paper. If still rough, another coating and another rubbing will be needed. When smooth, the oak leaves may be arranged in groups on the sides, top, and bottom, and the acorns glued on with warm glue. Liquid glue will not answer for this work. See Fig. 2.

Fig. 2.

In like manner other designs of leaves and flowers may be applied with advantage, using seed vessels, in place of acorns; or, if more admired, a more elaborate frame may be produced by making a continuous wreath with tendrils, stems, &c., round the entire frame.

Another variety of these fancy frames—and one very suitable for making at this season—is manufactured from the barks of trees, especially the pine, those being selected which peel off readily with a knife. The under side will often be found beautifully variegated, and showing the curious tracks of the worms in very good imitation of carving.

By spreading out the larger pieces, with a weight upon them, they will flatten out and season in a few weeks, if kept in a dry place. The rough outside bark can easily be removed, leaving the intermediate layer to be used for our purposes. A good brushing will remove the powdered tracks of the worms, and this inner bark will be found ready for use.

Now, with a sharp knife, cut the strips the proper width, and lay them upon the frame, which should be of rough wood on the upper side, in order that the glue may stick well. Next, glue the strips firmly along, so as to cover the frame entirely on its upper side, and wherever necessary to piece the wood let them be joined as neatly as possible. This can be done better by cutting irregular edges than by a straight, square seam, as the crooked lines of the former will be easily mistaken for a part of the natural roughness of the bark. The edges of the frame must, of course, be covered with the same material, and the addition of a few leaves of leather-work, or some cones or acorns, will improve the appearance. Or, if a plainer style is preferred, the frame may be made with crossed corners, as shown in Figs 1 and 3, and the whole covered with bark. A coat of varnish will bring out the fine colours and shading of the wood.

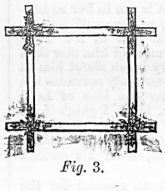

Fig. 3.

For the little standing frames for *cartes de visite* an endless variety of styles may be produced. Little strips for the foundation can be easily cut out with a penknife, and tacked together in the corners, then stained, and covered with seed-work (as described in a former number of the LADY'S OWN PAPER), or fine cone or acorn work, moss, leather, or bark.

Some are made by joining pieces of prickly twigs, gathered in the woods or garden, which can either be varnished, so as to show the natural colour, or be made to imitate coral by the application of a coat of red sealing-wax, dissolved in spirits of wine.

A beautiful stand for framing a group of *cartes de visite* may be made by cutting a piece of thin wood, or book-binders' board, into an ornamental shape, somewhat like our design. Let the edges be irregular, and cut some fanciful pattern; then make six oval openings through the board, of a size just large enough for the pictures to show well through them. (See Fig. 4.) Next, bind the outer edges with a dark ribbon, or strip of brown or black muslin, by gluing or pasting it on, and also round the edges of the oval openings. Then cover the whole of the surface with whatever kind of work is desired, whether leather, cone, and acorn, seed, moss, and lichens, or bark; either will be very pretty, and suitable, and tasteful combinations can be made of the whole variety.

Fig. 4.

When all is covered, take a strip of thin wood long enough to form the foot, and with a piece of strong muslin or thin leather, for a hinge, fasten it to the back of the board, so that it will stand upright. Then take pieces of thick brown paper, cut the shape of an ordinary *carte de visite*, but about an inch larger; lay them over the openings on the wrong side, and paste them round, across the bottom, and on both sides, leaving them open at the top. When these are dry, the photographs can be slipped into their places. A coat of varnish will improve the looks of the work. One who is expert in using tools can make very beautiful stands of this description by the help of a keyhole saw. The most elaborate designs in open work can be executed with that tool from black-walnut.

Cashmere Shawls.

CASHMERE SHAWLS, or those generally spoken of as such, do not all come from Cashmere. A considerable proportion of the manufacture is now carried on in British territory. Between thirty and forty years ago it was entirely confined to Cashmere. But a terrible famine visited the land, and, in consequence, numbers of the shawl-weavers emigrated to the Punjab, in several parts of which the manufacture continues to flourish. The best shawls of Punjab manufacture are made at Umritzur, which is also an emporium of the trade. But none of these can compete with the best shawls made in Cashmere itself. This is partly because the Punjab manufacturers are not able to obtain the finest species of wool, and partly on account of the inferiority of their dyeing, the excellence of which in Cashmere is attributed to some chemical peculiarity in the water.

The raw woollen substances used in the manufacture of Cashmere shawls and other articles of dress of the same description are six in number. There is, in the first place, the *Pushum*, or shawl wool, properly so called, which is a downy substance found next to the skin and below the thick hair of the Thibetian goat. It is of three colours—white, drab, and dark lavender; and all the finest shawls are made of this wool.

Next on the list is the fleece of the Dumba sheep of Caubul and Peshawur.

Thirdly we come to the *wahab shaki* or *Kirmani* wool. This is the wool of a sheep found in Kirman, a tract of country in the south of Persia, by the Persian Gulf. It is used for the manufacture of a spurious kind of shawl cloth, and for adulterating the texture of Cashmere shawls.

Next we find the hair of a goat common in Caubul and Peshawur, called *Put*, from which a texture called *Puttoo* is made.

The woolly hair of the camel supplies the material for a coarser kind of choga.

Lastly, we come to the wool of the country sheep of the plains.

The adulteration of the best wool with that of inferior kinds has been largely practised of late years, and dealers have made many complaints on the subject. One of the worst effects of this adulteration is the shrinking of those portions of the garment in which it is employed after exposure to the action of water. In Cashmere there are severe penal restrictions to the practice; and in the British territories a company or guild has been formed to authenticate the genuine articles by means of trade-marks, the imitation of which may be punished by law.

For the preparation of the shawl wool great care is necessary. The first operation is cleaning it. This is generally performed by women. The best kind is cleaned with lime and water, but ordinary wool is shaken up with flour. The next process is that of separating the hair from the pushum. It is a very tedious operation, and the value of the cloth subsequently manufactured varies with the amount of care bestowed upon it. The wool thus cleaned and sorted is spun into thread with the common *churka* or native spinning-machine. This is also a process requiring great care. The thread is next dyed, and is then ready for the loom.

The spinning, like the cleaning, is principally performed by women, of whom, some years ago, no less than a hundred thousand were said to be employed in this manner. Girls begin at the age of ten. They commence their employment at daybreak, working with but little intermission during the day, and sometimes far into the night—especially when the moonlight enables them to save the expense of oil lamps.

A dealer called a *Puimungu* keeps a shop for the purchase of yarn, and he also sends people to collect it from the houses of the spinners, his emissaries giving notice of their approach by the sound of a bell. The yarn is then sold to the weavers. Having ascertained the pattern most likely to suit the market, the weaver applies to persons whose business it is to apportion the material according to the colours required; and when this is settled he takes it to another whose function is to divide it into skeins of the necessary proportions. When thus prepared it is delivered to the *Rungrez*, or dyer. When the body of the cloth is to be left plain the second quality of yarn is alone given to be dyed. This is generally of about the thickness of common cotton sewing thread, is of a coarser quality than the yarn used for the cloth, and is prepared for employment in flowers or other ornaments, which are intended to stand higher, and be, as it were, embossed upon the ground.

The first operation of the dyer is to steep the yarn in cold water. He professes to be able to give it sixty four tints, most of which are permanent. Each has a separate denomination, thus the crimson is called *Gulanar*, the name of the pomegranate flower. Of this dye the best kind is that derived from cochineal imported from Hindustan; inferior tints are from lac and chermes; logwood is used for other red dyes. Blues and greens are dyed with indigo or colouring matter made by boiling down European broadcloth. Logwood and indigo are imported. Carmathus and saffron, which grow in Cashmere, furnish tints of orange, yellow, &c. The whiter and finer the fibre of the wool, and the finer the yarn into which it is made, the more capable is it of receiving a brilliant dye, and this is one reason why the fine white wool of the goat is preferred to that of sheep. The occupation of a dyer is always hereditary.

The yarn next passes into the hands of a person called the *Nakatu*, who adjusts it for the warp and the weft. That intended for the former is double, and is cut into certain lengths, anything short of which is considered fraudulent. The number of these lengths varies from two to three thousand, according to the closeness or openness of the texture proposed, and the fineness or coarseness of the yarn. The weft is made of a yarn which is single, but a little thicker than the double yarn or twist of the warp. The weight of the weft is estimated at double that of the warp. The *Nakatu* receives the yarn in hanks, but returns it in balls; he can prepare in one day the warp and weft for two shawls. Next comes a functionary called by the alarming name of the *Pennakumguru* (which merely means warp-dresser), who takes from the weaver the yarn which has been cut and reeled, and, stretching the lengths by means of sticks into a band, of which the threads are slightly separate, dresses the whole by dipping it into thick boiled rice-water. After this the skein is slightly squeezed, and again stretched into a band, which is brushed and suffered to dry. By this process every length becomes stiffened and set apart from the rest.

For the warp on the border of the shawl silk is generally employed, and it has the advantage of showing the darker colours of the dyed wool more prominently than a warp of yarn, as well as hardening and strengthening and giving more body to the edge of the cloth. When the border is very narrow it is woven with the body of the shawl, but when broader it is worked on a different loom, and afterwards sewn to the edge of the shawl by the *Rafugar*, or fine-drawer, with the nicety which belongs to his craft. When the warp is fixed in the loom, the pattern-drawer, and the persons who determine the proportions of the different colours in the yarn, are again consulted. The first brings the drawing of the pattern in black and white. One of the latter, having carefully considered it, points out the disposition of the colours, beginning at the foot of the pattern; calling out the colour, the number of threads to which it is to extend, that by which it is to be followed, and so on in succession, until the whole pattern has been described. From his dictation his companion writes down the particulars in a kind of short-hand, and delivers a copy of the document to the weavers.

(To be concluded.)

EVENSONG.

OH! it is very pleasant
Through these long groves to stray,
With thee, my dear love, present,
And the great world far away;

When the vesper lamps are sparkling
On the altar of the night,
And the dome of heav'n shines darkling
With their "dim religious light!"

The rows of pines and larches
Their shadows o'er us wave;
And we walk, as through the arches
Of some grand cathedral's nave.

And while our footsteps wander
Through the aisles of sombre sheen,
Our hearts in silence ponder
On the stillness of the scene.

And we feel its calmness stealing
O'er the bosom's restless tide,
Till we find our passions kneeling
Before the Crucified.

PETER SPENSER.

Wanted, a Change.

(Respectfully dedicated to Ladies who Write.)

A LARGE class of persons can be instructed only through fiction. Sermons they forget ere the Sabbath closes. Lectures many rarely hear. Books, without a story, they declare are too dull for their reading, and the instructive articles in books and magazines are skipped for the same reason.

They may have studied text books to some advantage, but all their theories of life, its trials and responsibilities, and all their knowledge of olden customs, and of foreign habits and characteristics, are derived from novels. Fictitious characters furnish their ideals, and their code of manners and morals. In fact, their lives, thoughts, and language are fashioned by the fiction they mentally devour in that transition state between childhood and maturity. Further, all the ideas which a large majority of young people possess regarding love and marriage, really the most momentous affairs of life, individually and socially, are drawn from fiction.

It is a fact, that fiction goes where no other possible good teacher goes; that its influence is seductive, irresistible, and that it is a power mighty for good or evil. In some form, its imagery has existed ever since men began to speak in allegories.

It is impossible, were it desirable, to persuade the youthful portion of the community, and many of the elder, to abstain from fiction, for, like music, it "hath its charm"—charms, which the young imaginist having once caught a glimpse of, is eager to learn more. It seems to be an inherent quality of most minds, however profound, to enjoy at least a little fiction.

Because of this quality, and because fiction is so potent, the world needs, and especially those who read nothing but novels, a higher type of fiction. The public weal demands that authors write more beneficial fiction, that publishers be more conscientious as to what they publish, and that librarians purchase only the best. Parents had far better spice their children's solid reading with a judicious selection of fiction, than to leave them to pick up odds and ends of morbid and unhealthful, if not depraved, literature.

There are some works of fiction wholly unexceptionable, but, "like angels' visits, they are few and far between." Of obscene books there is nothing to say, save that they should be served as were witches in olden time; but a large portion of respectable novels are sadly lacking.

A radical change is wanted in fiction, and wanted now. Besides affording entertainment, novels should possess some items of information, and convey some beneficial lesson artistically woven into the story, not tacked on to the end, after the fashion of morals to fables. Hence, truth and probability are essentials; truthful historical and geographical statements, instead of garbled, inaccurate accounts; correct descriptions of noted places and personages, and true representations of the various grades of society of different nationalities.

Particularly should psychological and philosophical disquisitions, when allowed in fiction, be based upon the best authority, for from them many people derive all the knowledge they have upon those and kindred subjects. Probable events and circumstances are wanted instead of adventures resembling in quality and partially in degree the exploits of the mythological gods. Some attention to physiological and scientific facts would also be appreciated. The story of the surgeon who successfully restored two men to life after they had been guillotined, but accidentally changed the heads, so that each man's body was joined to the other's head, is frequently almost paralleled in modern fiction.

There is a tendency in the best of fiction to extravagant personal descriptions. Who ever saw such handsome men and beautiful women as are portrayed in novels? These extravagances are not without disastrous consequences. Inexperienced Susan, with her head filled with descriptions of handsome men, and watching for her beau, yields to the fascination of the first white-handed, moustached rascal she meets, and rustic John, dissatisfied with the plainness of his betrothed, or wife, is ready to listen to any Circe he may chance to encounter.

Beauty, position, and wealth, but beauty above all, are the chief desires of simple-minded youth, and they imagine that because they have not these, that their lives are barren and their efforts fruitless. When shall a host of masterpieces of fiction teach them that plain, industrious people, in humble circumstances, may exalt themselves, glorify their lives, and be "heroes in the strife."

Chance does not play such an active part in real life as novels make believe. Dead men's shoes are not lying about loose, ready for penniless strangers, nor are rich uncles constantly dying and leaving immense bequests to poverty-stricken nephews and nieces. People without capital generally have to *earn* their riches by long continued effort, and work for distinction in like manner. It is time there should be a change, so that foolish lads and lassies may not infer from pretended descriptions of life as it is that there is premium on laziness.

In the delineation of character, a novelist may portray dispositions and persons as they are, or as he thinks they should be. He can condemn, permit, or commend, and his opinions will almost always be adopted by the undisciplined reader. Therein lies his mighty power. Too frequently vice is bedizened with brilliant colours, and virtue painted with vinegar aspect. A villain is made an object of admiration, and a moral man is pictured as absurd or sombre. The purposes of life are misrepresented, the morals of the reader corrupted, his taste vitiated, his honour mislead, his passions rendered swinish, and his mind unduly excited or left in a morbid inactive condition.

But fiction's greatest influence is upon love and marriage, its chief subjects, and which are almost unnoticed by essayists and philosophers. No wonder that so very many marriages are unhappy, and that divorce is becoming a rule instead of an exception, when we consider how people are instructed in love matters. Say what we will of instinct, affinities, heart-power, animal and spiritual magnetism, in love and marriage—

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

"True love" is the pet theme of fiction, but that love is represented as a passion; a slightly refined lust. Love, born in heaven, sanctioned by God, pure and exalted, binding two hearts as closely through the trials of married life, through the coming of grey hairs and wrinkles, and on through the portals of eternity, as in the glamour of the moonlight troth, is unknown in most fiction, and consequently unsought by those whose ideas of love are drawn solely from novels. Marriages of the diseased, of the sin-cursed, are permitted without a word of disapproval; and marriages of convenience from the basest of motives scarcely receive a rebuke. Volumes are filled with the struggles and woes of lovers, whose union, considering their natures, temperament, and the laws of cause and effect, is forbidden by common sense, physiology, and philosophy; yet the novelist makes their marriage the acme of things desirable. Novelists rarely follow their hero and heroine beyond the altar, and thus seem to corroborate the cynical assertion, that "marriage is the grave of love;" the *grave*, when it should be its *coronation!* Why not give a glimpse of the paradise, resulting from the harmonious union of a pure, well-developed man and woman, that people may be incited to attain a like existence? Why not describe the purgatory of an ignorant, inharmonious, sensual marriage, that impetuous youth may pause and consider ere they tie the Gordian knot. It may be said that fiction describes love and marriage as it is. So it may, but a lesson and a warning can be pointed out, and incongruities and wrongs need not be approved.

The world moves, yet fiction still inculcates the barbarous doctrine that it is highly commendable for a girl to marry a man that her soul abhors to save a father's reputation, and the father who demands the sacrifice is pitied. If a man sin, let him suffer the penalty, and not seek to pass it off on to his innocent child. The burning of widows, the sacrifice of children to Moloch, are not more barbarous than these compelled marriages.

In fiction, as in real life, a higher standard of morality is erected for woman than for man. Pure women are yoked to respectable animals, and no voice rebukes the outrage. In Jane Eyre, for illustration, a work of undisputed superiority and merit, a young pure girl loves and finally marries a man whose life was stained by sin and foul with sensuality. What if he did confess his errors; what if he did regret his wasted years and manhood; what if he did repent, somewhat, and what if he had some admirable traits? Reverse the case, and see it in its true light. What man, who had kept his thoughts and life pure days, would love and marry a woman

who had defiled her womanhood by years of dissipation, sought the company of libertines, and borne an illegitimate child, even though she possessed the accomplishments of Minerva, and repented in sackcloth and ashes? Give women equal chances, equal wages, and equal rights; yet they will not be fully enfranchised until they demand that exalted degree of virtue in men, that men now demand of them. Thousands of women will never make that demand, unless the heroines they cry over in solitude set the example. Charlotte Brontë was a pure and gifted woman, but who can estimate the evil wrought among successive generations of impressible, sentimental, school girls, who have pitied and raved over that "divine Rochester," since Jane Eyre was written.

To sum up the changes needed: A fiction is wanted that, whatever its characters and scenes, will put a premium upon industry and energy, denounce ignorance and vice, cause men and women to respect themselves and each other, and teach them to discriminate between the love that thrills and unites mind, soul, and spirit, and the passion that is aroused by unrestrained magnetic influence; a fiction that will cause women to admire good health, and the human figure as designed by nature, to educate and develop themselves physically, mentally, and morally, to be self-reliant and self-dependent, to keep themselves pure and to exact the same purity of the men they associate with and marry; and that will tell them that there is work in the world for them far better than manœuvring to catch a husband.

Such fiction would probably not affect those confirmed in vice, nor aid those accustomed to study and think for themselves; but numbers of well-meaning, easily-led girls, women, boys, and young men of medium capacities would be incited to attain to a higher estate, and to better, purer lives than they now have, or ever will have, so long as their chief reading consists of the present type of cheap fiction.

The Tourist.

WHERE SHALL WE SPEND THE HOLIDAYS?

(Continued from page 65.)

LAST summer MRS. Watney described in detail in our columns the principal noteworthy resorts of Wales, and on some other occasion we may pay attention to the attractions of Ireland and Scotland; but we have now space to describe only the various merits of some of the principal English bathing places; and our notes on these must be necessarily brief. It may be as well, at the outset, to remind the reader that at all the watering-places, as the season advances, the rates of accommodation increase; so that it is always well for those to whom money is an object, to take their holidays before the "fashionable season" sets in. This, it should be remembered also, varies greatly in different localities, the brilliant Scarborough season being half over, for instance, before the Brighton commences, but then the latter runs on to quite the end of December.

Despite its numerous more youthful rivals, undoubtedly at the head of the list of desirable resorts we must place—

SCARBOROUGH, the Queen of watering-places, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, on the shore of the German Ocean. The town rises from the shore in the form of an amphitheatre, sheltered on the north and north-east by the Castle rock; it is rather too bleak in spring for delicate visitors, but during the summer and autumn months it is very delightful, the air being extremely pure. The bay is admirably suited for bathing, which, from the sloping nature of the beach, may be obtained at every period of the tide. There is a chalybeate and a saline spring near the town. From the Castle esplanade and the South cliff fine sea views are obtained, and the means of recreation are abundant. Considerably to the north-east of Scarborough, as described in "The Best of Everything," lies—

TYNEMOUTH.—The climate is the mildest on the east coast, and there is excellent bathing. Within the ruins of the priory, St. Oswald, the first Christian king of Northumberland, Malcolm III. of Scotland, and his son Edward, are interred.

WHITBY grandly reposes between two cliffs on the steep sides of the river Esk, a little to the south of Scarborough, and is a most attractive-looking watering-place. The beach is three miles long, is excellently adapted for bathing, and the climate is bracing. There is a geological museum, capital fishing in the Esk, and excellent boating. Jet is found upon the shore. Whitby Abbey, founded by Oswy, King of Northumberland, in 638, is still an interesting object to visitors.

FILEY and BRIDLINGTON are both small watering-places on the Yorkshire coast. The climate resembles that of Whitby; there is good sea bathing, and both places are interesting to geologists, from the quantity of fossils to be found. At Bridlington there are the ruins of an Augustinian priory. Proceeding southward along the coast we pass CROMER, with its extensive sands, LOWESTOFT, and SOUTHWOLD, all little spots where the quietly-disposed visitor may find suitable accommodation, and come to—

ALDBOROUGH, a pleasant place on the coast of Suffolk; it is nearly a mile in length. All the villas and lodging-houses, including the principal hotel, face the sea. The esplanade which crowns the beach is a very pleasant walk, and the climate is dry and mild during summer and autumn, but the weather is stormy in winter. In the neighbourhood are several objects worthy of a visit, including Framlingham and Orford Castles, and Leiston Abbey. There is also an excellent library and reading-room.

SOUTHEND is, as is well known, situate on the coast of Essex, and is distant about forty miles from London. The pier is 1½ miles in length, being the longest in England. There is excellent lodging accommodation.

Passing the mouth of the Thames, we next come to—

MARGATE, on the coast of Kent, a favourite resort of the London citizens. The town is built in handsome parades, squares, and esplanades, and has an excellent pier. The Clifton baths, formed in a cliff, are of especial interest; the sands are smooth and firm, and bathing machines, originally invented here, are abundant. The air is keen and bracing. Margate is chiefly resorted to in August and September.

RAMSGATE occupies a pleasant position under the shelter of chalk cliffs, on the coast of Kent. It is very pleasant during the summer months, and the bathing accommodation is excellent. Ramsgate is considered warmer than Margate.

DOVER.—The town of Dover is situated on the south-east coast of Kent. On each side of the town are fortified heights. The north cliff is occupied by the castle, the walls of which enclose an area of fifty-five acres. In the castle are preserved the lances of the "six hundred" who made the celebrated charge at Balaklava. In this neighbourhood Julius Cæsar effected his landing on British soil. Dover is considerably frequented during the bathing season, and warm baths may be had on the esplanade. The climate is bracing. There are many pleasant walks, various amusements, and a good concert-room.

HASTINGS and ST. LEONARDS are on the south coast of Sussex. Hastings is an ancient borough, forming one of the Cinque Ports, while St. Leonards is of modern creation. Both these watering-places are sheltered by a series of cliffs. On the west cliff, in the centre of Hastings, stand the ruins of the Castle of Hastings, built by William the Conqueror, who landed at Pevensey Bay, a few miles distant, in September, 1066. Battle Abbey, built by the Conqueror in memory of his conquest, is seven miles from Hastings. The Marine and Grand Parade fronting the sea forms one of the finest promenades in the kingdom. There are well-sheltered spots for bathing, and a mineral spa near the archery grounds. Among the amusements are archery, boating, and cricket. There is considerable variety of climate, the air being somewhat relaxing under the cliffs, and bracing on their summit. Consumptive invalids resort to Hastings and St. Leonards during the winter and spring months, and both places have always a large number of visitors during the summer.

EASTBOURNE is situated on the coast of Sussex, in a chasm between two cliffs, one of which forms Beachy Head. The lodging accommodation is good, and the sands are dry and extensive. There are chalybeate springs at Holywell, a short distance from the town. Beachy Head commands a most extensive view, and contains a curious cavern known as "Parson Darby's Hole."

BRIGHTON.—This celebrated town, on the coast of Sussex, presents a façade to the sea of about three miles in length. From August to September Brighton is much frequented, but winter is the most fashionable time. There is good bathing, and a number of convenient bathing establishments, and at the pump-room of the German Spa mineral waters artificially prepared baths can be obtained every morning. The piers are favourite promenades, and regattas and concerts are frequent. The hotels are very numerous, many of them being elegantly furnished.

WORTHING may be called a suburb of Brighton. It is enclosed and sheltered by an amphitheatre of hills. The climate is mild, and during the hot months of summer somewhat relaxing. In winter fogs occasionally prevail. The sands are hard and smooth, and the bathing excellent.

SOUTHSEA is on the coast of Hampshire, close to Portsmouth, and is much resorted to during the latter months of summer. The climate is mild and temperate, and the beach is one of the most inviting on the coast.

BOURNEMOUTH, WEYMOUTH (the favourite resort of Charlotte, queen of George III.), SIDMOUTH, EXMOUTH, DAWLISH, and TEIGNMOUTH, may all be classed together, being remarkable principally for the mildness of the climate, in which they only differ from each other in degree.

TORQUAY.—This far-famed resort is situated on the south coast of Devon. Built in a series of valleys and hillsides, there are few regular streets, but the villas are elegant and spacious. The climate of Torquay is admirably adapted for persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints, having cool summers and mild winters, while the place possesses the highest average temperature in England. Fogs are unknown. The bathing accommodation is somewhat limited, but the public baths are excellent. Those who suffer from weak lungs should select "Torquay *within* the hills," which is the lower portion of the place. "Torquay *upon* the hills" is more suitable for ordinary visitors.

ILFRACOMBE is situated on the north coast of Devon, near the mouth of the Bristol Channel. Built on a series of irregular hills, the town presents a quaint and singular aspect. The beach is reached by a species of ladder, or by a tunnel under the cliffs, entering from the back of the town. In the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe there are beautiful walks and drives.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE, situated at the mouth of the Severn in Somersetshire, is a most delightful marine resort. The air is particularly salubrious; but, on account of the mud thrown up by the sea-bathing, except in a few places, is unsatisfactory. There are many interesting drives. Uphill Cavern, in the vicinity, has a special interest for geologists.

BLACKPOOL.—A pleasant sea-bathing place in Lancashire, facing the Irish sea. It is called the Brighton of the north. There is an excellent beach and two handsome piers. September is the fashionable season for Blackpool. The climate is abundantly invigorating. About 8,000 visitors arrive annually.

FLEETWOOD is of recent growth, and is situated on a promontory at the mouth of the Wye. It is a military station. Between Fleetwood and Belfast a steamer plies daily. The town lies low, but it is well built, and accommodation for visitors is ample and convenient, and the climate is mild.

BROADSTAIRS—About one and a-half miles distant from Ramsgate, is a small town, or rather village, built near the edge of chalk cliffs, considerably lower than those of Ramsgate and Margate. A lady who has just returned from a three weeks' stay, writes: "There is easy access to the charming sands, either by a not very steep road, or by steps (seventy or so) cut in the cliff, and safe. The air is very fine and bracing, so much so that we had to wear warm clothing. The bathing is excellent, except when the tide is quite out. It is a delightful place for children, because of the safe beach of sands, both soft and hard, with low rocks covered with seaweed, to be reached at low water. There is good boating at a shilling an hour. The neighbourhood is not pretty, as there are few trees, and nothing but large cornfields. Rents are high now. Our five rooms in the best situation were five guineas a week. Six rooms will now be eight guineas a-week. Rents are lower away from the sea. Food is excellent, and cheaper than in London. Broadstairs is wonderfully quiet for a place so near London, a great contrast to Margate and Ramsgate. It is considered dull, but we did not find it so."

THE ISLE OF WIGHT, now so readily accessible by rail, is almost too well known and appreciated to need description here, however brief. At *Cowes*, the chief port of the island, and the most fashionable part, owing partly, no doubt, to the fact of Osborne House being not far distant, there is an excellent, well-sheltered beach, with a variety of amusements and good accommodation, but the terms are rather high. The season extends far into November, and the company is generally very good, though, as regards the fashions, Scarborough and Brighton would perhaps surpass it. At *Ryde*, which is famous for its mammoth pier, the accommodation is cheaper, though its advantages are by no means inconsiderable. *Sandown* and *Shanklin* both possess beautiful sands, and are favourite resorts of sea-bathers; while *Ventnor*, embosomed among clusters of trees, is most picturesquely situated, and admirably adapted as a place of winter residence.

(To be concluded.)

Theatres and Amusements.

HAYMARKET.—The Overland Route—Atalanta. Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—(At a Quarter-past Eight) 'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Old Gooseberry—Little Em'ly—Undine. Seven.
STRAND.—Kind to a Fault—The Pilgrim of Love. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Dearest Mamma—(At Eight) M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Cupboard Love—(At Eight) Two Roses—(At a Quarter to Ten) Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.
NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—Put Yourself in His Place—The Loan of a Lover. Half-past Seven.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—Christy Minstrels. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Three and Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve til Five, and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

AUG. 7. SUNDAY.—*Eighth Sunday after Trinity.*
,, 8. Monday.—Sun sets 7.35 P.M.
,, 9. Tuesday.—Sun rises 4.38 A.M.
,, 10. Wednesday.—Meteors prevalent.
,, 11. Thursday.—Half-quarter day.
,, 12. Friday.—Grouse shooting begins.
,, 13. Saturday.—Saturn S. 8.8 P.M.

Our Letter Basket.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER is published by E. Marlborough and Co. 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C. It may also be obtained at the Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the General Office, 97, Fleet-street; single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[The Post-office authorities having announced their intention to reduce in the autumn the Postage of Papers to ½d., the Proprietor of THE LADY'S OWN PAPER is determined at once to give the Subscribers the benefit of the reduction.]

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Advertisements, and Communications intended for the Editor, should sent to the General Office, 97, Fleet-street, E.C.

AGENT FOR FRENCH AND CONTINENTAL ADVERTISEMENTS, Mr. Kinnear, 96, Rue de Lafayette, Paris.

PAPER PATTERNS AND DRESS MODELS.

To meet the wishes of numerous subscribers who make up their own materials, we have made arrangements by which we are now enabled to supply life-size paper models, fully trimmed, of any of the Fashion Illustrations that appear in this paper. For prices see recent numbers.

"CHINA" writes: "I have a very pretty tea and coffee service of blue and gold china; pattern, vine-leaves. The set consists of six coffee and six tea-cups, twelve saucers, a teapot, milk-boat, tea-bowl, and two bread and butter plates. There is a mark at the back in blue like a star and the words 'Wedgewood' engraved. A lady who has seen them tells me they are very valuable. Will you kindly tell me the best way of finding out if this is the case?" Perhaps some of our readers may be able to supply the information asked for. It seems to us, however, that the most practicable plan would be to submit them to some reputable dealer in bric-a-brac.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The current volume commenced with our issue for July 2, thus making the present the sixth number. Any or all of these may be obtained through your bookseller or direct from our office.

TUTTY.—We do not care to commend one summer hotel above another.—As expense is a secondary matter with you, you will have no difficulty in finding what you want.

E. T. C.—To leave a visiting card with the upper left-hand corner turned down signifies that an ordinary visit has been made, to turn the right-hand upper corner denotes a congratulatory visit, the lower left-hand corner signifies a parting call, the lower right-hand a visit of condolence. Your other question has already been answered in our columns.

EMMA J.—A little ox-gall or a lump of alum will prevent delicate green shades from fading.—Piqué, Marseilles, brilliant, and any muslin with a raised figure should be ironed on the wrong side.—The black and white cambrics so much worn this season require salt to be put in the rinsing water and in the starch.—Chloride of lime is very injurious to muslins.—It rots them, and fades most colours.—Rice water is used to starch bright-coloured muslins.

MYRA. — A gentleman, when walking with a lady, should allow her to enter a room or public conveyance first, but should follow so immediately as not to occasion her the embarrasment of looking round for her escort. In mounting stairs, the gentleman should precede, unless the lady be weakly enough to require his assistance; in descending, on the contrary, he should follow. The idea in the establishment of these rules seems to have been that woman is to be treated by man with that courteous deference due to a superior—perhaps also with that tender care due from the strong to the physically weak. Old ladies and gentlemen should receive similiar attentions from the young of either sex.

DOLLY.—You may depend upon it, "cheap" clothes are generally speaking the dearest. If you buy a number of cheap dresses, you must pay as much for making as for those that are dearer, if you wish them to fit. Then they soon lose their freshness, which, after all, was never worth much, but such as it is, they lose it directly. As soon as they have accommodated themselves comfortably to the figure they are shabby or worn out. The gloss of newness is never pleasing; but when cheap clothes have parted with that, they have parted with the only thing which recommended them. A really good dress, though it may cost thrice as much as one of inferior quality, lasts probably more than three times as long, and never looks ill. But, above all, it is fit to be seen long after it has grown comfortably to the shape.

ANNIE.—We know of nothing that will prevent perspiration and sea-breezes from taking the crimp out of your hair.—The simplest way of arranging the hair is most becoming in warm weather, and is growing to be considered stylish. At the seaside you can go to breakfast with your hair in two

long hanging braids, each of three strands, simply tied with ribbon. After the morning bath wear it flowing, and play a game of croquet while it is drying. Braid it again in the afternoon, and merely cross it backwards and forwards and fasten with jet pins, or loop it and tie with ribbon.

ECONOMY.—Wear a bustle made of hair-cloth arranged in lengthwise puffs stitched on a flat piece. Wear hoops sixty-five inches round at their greatest size. Gore your grenadine skirt and wear with a silk overskirt.

E. C.—Moisten your silk with benzine on the wrong side and press with a moderately hot iron, and you will remove the creases. Place an old cambric cloth between the silk and the iron.—Gore your skirt and make a short basque.—Crape shawls are somewhat worn as belted mantles.

NELLIE.—With black eyes and rather dark complexion you should wear maize-colour, scarlet, deep French blue, and perhaps green.

J. E. D.—With every disposition to oblige our readers, we cannot undertake to serve as a railway guide, or to tell the exact routes by which they must travel, and whether they will find coaches awaiting them; to say nothing of estimating "the cost of dinner and expenses for four persons," and the length of time allowed them in which to eat said dinner, knowing nothing of the gastronomic habits of the party.

LADY'S OWN PAPER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870.

THE ART OF MAKING BELIEVE.

HAPPIEST of all arts is that which to grown people is too often a lost one, the art of "making believe." Those children playing out on the shore with shells and seaweed are royally rich. They multiply their treasures by a rule that realistic men and women have forgotten; and, by a subtle alchemy, transmute every bit of limestone to gold, and each trailing spray of green to a flower of Paradise.

We all know how the little girl's love goes out to her old doll. It may be rough and ragged, minus an arm or a leg, its face flat, its complexion sallow, its form ungraceful. But it is Mary, or Bessie, or Sue. It has gone to bed at night and gotten up in the morning with the happy child who owns it; it has heard her little secrets, and been glad or sorry with her; and there is a sort of "for better or for worse" bond between the two. You may bring the Paris doll, walking, talking, winking, and blinking, with a stylish mop of curls and a fashionable dress, and bestow it upon your daughter, to her pride and satisfaction, but she will treat the new arrival as a distinguished visitor, and hug her old darling to her heart as fondly as ever. "Time cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety" of its charms, for upon it there lingers the light of the ideal.

In some houses the possession of a certain cup or plate is, to the younger members of the family, the one thing most desired. A lady told us once that in her mother's set of china there was a plate which bore on its whiteness one startling drop of blue, as if a tiny bit of sky had been caught in a snow-drift. All the children envied the one to whom that plate happened to fall; and when any were sick, the toast, brought in its crisp brownness to the bedside on the "blue spot," had a flavour of fairyland.

"I am happy for all day," exclaimed a friend not long since. She had enough just then to make her unhappy—embarrassments, sickness, many anxieties—but she brightened the darkest days by her merry "making believe." In other words, she could always see the golden thread twisting and winding through the darker ones in the woof of her life, though it might be ever so slender and fine. Holding in her hand a card-case—the gift of her husband in joyous bridal days—she looked at the graven picture upon it, and for the first time discerned beneath the legend, in minute letters, "And the King loved Esther more than all the women." We seem to hear the ring of her voice, and to see the light of her smile, as she said: "Why, I never knew that was there! Now that will make me glad all day!"

It is not to be despised, this beautiful gift that can make

— — narrow kitchen walls
Stretch away into stately halls;

that holds a daisy of the field, born of the sun and the dew, as fair as the utmost triumph of the gardener's art; that can wear calico as if it were silk, and linen as if it were lace; that persuades itself till common things seem half divine. "Now let us make believe," cry the children's voices from the feast upon the floor of sand; and now, too, let us, not any longer children, stop being literal and real, and take a sometime recess, as we used, in *making believe.*

It has been the wont of the public—at least that portion of it who view such vagaries from a safe distance—to laugh inordinately at the doings of the great unpaid—the Solons who dispense law, and proverbial philosophy, as understood by that select fraternity, in the provinces; yet, after all, we are not so sure that their decisions, ludicrous as they often confessedly are, would not bear favourable comparison with those of the well-paid magnates who preside over our Metropolitan police-courts. Any way, it will scarcely be considered satisfactory by our readers to learn that the present price of a woman's life, according to Mr. Ellison, of the Worship-street Police-court, is just twenty shillings! Here are the facts: A Mr. George Bell, thirty-five years of age, was charged before Mr. Ellison with being drunk and assaulting a woman in a third-class carriage on the Great Eastern Railway. One of the railway police said that about a quarter to twelve o'clock on the previous night he got into a Bishopsgate-street train at Mile-end-station; that after the train had left he heard shrieks and a great noise proceeding from one of the carriages. On looking out he saw one of the carriage-doors being banged to and fro violently. He made his way to it along the footboard of the intervening carriages, and saw the prisoner struggling with a young woman who was in the same compartment. At the moment he reached the door the prisoner was endeavouring to throw her out. Had he succeeded the result would in all probability have been fatal, for the train was going at considerable speed. The officer, however, pushed the prisoner back into the carriage, and stayed there himself during the remainder of the journey. On arriving at the terminus in Bishopsgate-street, he gave the prisoner into custody. In defence the prisoner said that he was drunk, and he felt very sorry for what had happened. It will thus be noticed that he would really have been successful in his attempt to give the woman the fatal push had it not been for the providential arrival of the guard; and for this trifling offence on the "part of a gentleman" (for it is satisfactory to learn that he "was respectably dressed") a fine of 20s. was inflicted by the worthy magistrate! If Mr. George Bell had confined himself to being drunk and disorderly in the streets, he would probably, as a correspondent has justly remarked, have been fined 40s., but as he was judicious enough to attempt to murder a woman he saves the additional 20s.!

The Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore is now rapidly approaching completion, and as we have from time to time noted the progress of the magnificent work, our readers will be interested to know its present condition. The fine building, it will be remembered, stands in the private grounds attached to the Great Park at Windsor, about half a mile from the south terrace of the Castle, and about fifty yards from the mausoleum erected by Her Majesty to the memory of the Duchess of Kent. It is a cruciform edifice, surmounted by an octagonal lantern, and is in the Romanesque style of architecture. The interior does not partake of the same style, but is carried out in the Italian Cinque Cento style. Not only are the exterior and interior of the building in different styles of architecture, but they are also the work of different architects; for while the exterior is entirely the work of Mr. Humbert, the interior is carried out mainly from the designs of Professor Lugwic Grüner, of Dresden, whose work upon Italian decoration is well known. The monument in the centre of the Mausoleum is from the designs of the late Baron Marochetti, and the recumbent figure which occupies the left-hand space (when standing at the foot of the monument) was the last work of that sculptor. This effigy represents the late Prince Consort. The space to the right hand is left vacant. The tomb itself is a genuine "sarcophagus," wrought out of a single block of grey granite. This is the largest block of granite in existence without a flaw in it. The body of the Prince rests within it, and upon the left-hand side of the monument is the following inscription: "Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Prince Consort, second son of Ernest I., reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha; born at the Rosenau, near Coburg, August 26, 1819; married February 10, 1840, to Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland; died at Windsor, December 14, 1861." The sarcophagus is a beautiful specimen of dark grey or blue Aberdeen granite, from the Cairngall quarries. It rests upon a base of polished black marble from Belgium, which the late King had promised as a contribution to the Mausoleum, and which was subsequently presented by the present King of the Belgians. At each angle is a large angel of bronze, also executed by Marochetti.

Up to the time of our going to press the war has made but little progress, at least so far as actual fighting goes. There have been a few skirmishes of little importance as affecting the campaign, both powers apparently employing all their energies to concentrate their forces, contrary to the general opinion, which expected France to strike rapidly. Still, though the actual fighting has been of little moment, in one important aspect the horrors of war have already begun to be felt, for, food running short, women and children are the chief sufferers. As the *Times* has pointed out, if the French can afford to wait, the same inactivity cannot be expected on the part of their German adversaries. The Emperor Napoleon has only led an army with him out of France. The domestic, social, and economical conditions of the country are not very sensibly altered. France has been for several years taught to dispense with seven or eight hundred thousand of her able-bodied population. She is accustomed to a yearly subtraction from her productive forces; and whether her soldiers are idling in her garrison cities or are abroad in Algeria, in Mexico, or in Cochin China, they are only missed each from his own family or village. But it is otherwise on the German side. Prussia and North Germany have now only one business in hand—the War. All other labour and industry is in abeyance, and every one out of three in that million of men under arms represents the sustenance of a family, a unit in the aggregate sustenance of the State. War brings Germany to a state of suspended animation. Were the ordeal indefinitely prolonged, utter exhaustion must ensue. It is in obedience to this necessity, many people begin to think that if the French will not go to the Germans the Germans must go to the French. The Germans might, perhaps, have preferred to act on the defensive, but action is for them a condition of existence.

MUSICAL, LITERARY, & ART JOTTINGS.

A NEW PLAY by Mr. Tom Taylor will be produced at the Olympic Theatre on September 3.

M. Pierre Dupont, perhaps the greatest French song writer since Beranger, has just died at Lyons.

A season of promenade concerts, we understand, will be given in the Fall at Covent-garden, after the manner of Jullien's and Mellon's musical promenades.

M. Victor Hugo has, it is said, finished an historical comedy, entitled *Madame de Maintenon*, to be produced at the Français.

The death is announced of Guiseppina Pellico, the sister of Silvio Pellico, whom he mentions in "Le Mie Prigioni." Her death took place at Chieri, and she is said to have left a volume of memoirs, which is shortly to be published.

The Prince of Wales's Theatre will close for the summer recess on August 12. It will re-open in September, when the performance of *M.P.* will be resumed and two new farces produced.

Miss Flora Anderson, one of the daughters of the "Great Wizard of the North," has just died at Dublin, of consumption, at the age of seventeen. The deceased young lady will be remembered as having assisted her father in his performances.

The editor of a Southern journal remarks that Charles Reade's new novel has a frontispiece representing a young man seated very close to a very pretty girl; and that when he looks at the picture, and observes that the title-page makes the request, "Put Yourself in His Place," he feels much inclined to comply!

Miss Clara Gottschalk, sister of the late lamented pianist and composer, L. M. Gottschalk, aided by Mr. A. N. Espadero, of Havanna, a composer of great talent, and friend of her late brother, intends to publish all the posthumous works of the artist. The family will recognise no edition of the posthumous works except that issued by themselves.

A narrative memoir on Byron matters, by the late Lord Broughton, edited by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Carleton, will shortly be published by Mr. Murray. The memoir will not refer in any way to the Byron scandal, but chiefly to the destruction of the Byron MSS., of which Lord Broughton was a witness.

Owing to the disturbed state of the Continent, it has been decided to postpone the proposed exhibition of the works of Holbein at Dresden until next year. Her Majesty the Queen had graciously promised to contribute a number of original paintings and drawings from the collection at Windsor Castle, and other possessors in England of genuine works of Holbein had also signified their willingness to lend them. A committee will be formed in London to co-operate with the promoters of the exhibition in Germany.

Mr. J. B. Pyne, the artist, who was for many years Vice-President of the Society of British Artists, died at his residence in the Camden-road, on the 29th ult., in the seventieth year of his age. Mr. Pyne was a native of Bristol, and when a lad was articled to an attorney. The law was not, however, to his taste, and he soon abandoned it to follow the more congenial pursuits with which his name has become associated. Mr. Pyne had been ill for many months, and for some time but little hope had been entertained of his recovery.

Last week, at Richmond, Surrey, died Mrs. Ritchie, better known as Anna Cera Mowatt. She was the daughter of an American merchant, and was born at Bordeaux about 1810. Inclination and reduced fortune led her to the stage, and after a successful career in the United States, she made her appearance in London in 1848, at the Princess's Theatre, whence she was drawn to the Olympic by Mr. Watts, the engagement terminating with his financial collapse and suicide in 1850. Mrs. Ritchie was a versatile and prolific writer, and some of her novels attained considerable popularity in America.

The question has been asked whether Flotow will go to the wars. The composer of *L'Ombre* is not in the military service, and being now in his fifty-ninth year, will not be expected to volunteer. The probable attitude of Offenbach has also excited some interest. Offenbach is a native of Cologne, but the birthplace of his reputation is Les Bouffes Parisiens. Between the birthplace of his body and that of his fame the composer of "Bu qui s'avance" has not hesitated. He has openly declared for France, and has set to music a song called "Dieu garde l'Empereur." It is not improbable after this that Germany in turn will renounce Offenbach.

We regret to learn that Mr. George Hodder has died at the Richmond Infirmary, where he has lain since the accident in Richmond-park, which occurred on the 28th May last. For the first fortnight Mr. Hodder appeared to be totally unconscious, but he gradually seemed to improve, and some dangerous symptoms abated. He also recovered, at intervals, his consciousness; but about three weeks since symptoms of a disease of the lungs, from which he had formerly suffered, showed themselves, and this fresh attack of his old complaint proved too severe for the endurance of his now prostrated system, which his illness made it impossible to supply with the needed nutriment. His only daughter, who had constantly visited her father, was present at his death, as were also several of his most intimate friends.

London and Paris Fashions.

BATHING COSTUMES.

THE bathing season has returned, and bathing suits are again in requisition. A variety of fancy materials are used for these suits, but experience proves that nothing is so good for the purpose as flannel. Seven or eight yards are required for a well-made suit. White, navy blue and very dark grey are the most popular colours for suits, as they will endure rough usage. Scarlet suits are gay and pretty at the beginning of the season, but are apt to fade to an undecided pinkish hue. Dark Scotch plaid flannels are chosen by brunettes, who consider them becoming, and require colour.

Wiry moreens, and stiff serges that are partly cotton, are commended by some for bathing-dresses. They say they do not retain the water, or cling as closely to the person as flannel.

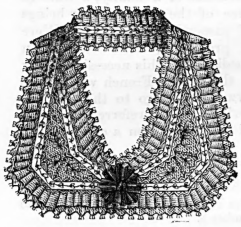

Fig. 2.

The trimming for bathing dresses is alpaca braid stitched on flatly, or box-pleated in ruches, or else the garment is scalloped and bound with braid. Bias bands of striped flannel are also used for trimming.

The chief novelty in bathing suits is the kilt skirt made in pleats all turned one way, and stitched flatly their whole length. These are heavy when wet, but they conceal the figure, and are more especially becoming to slight ladies. The waist is a Garibaldi, or else a square yoke with the body pleated to a belt. A belted blouse, or a polonaise cut like a long sacque, is the best upper garment for ladies inclined to stoutness. The skirt reaches to the knee or below it. A gay sash knotted at the side adds to its beauty. Very high-necked waists and long close-fitting sleeves are mostly preferred in this country, but French and German ladies leave the arms unencumbered, and free for exercise.

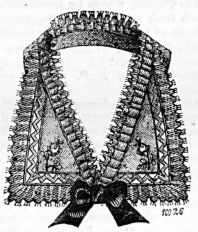

Fig. 5.

The trousers of all suits are made by the ordinary closed-drawers pattern. They are very full about the hips, are buttoned on the sides, and are pleated to a belt. Make the front of the belt in a deep and broad point, as that does away with the ungraceful fullness. Some trousers are gathered into a buttoned band at the ankle in Turkish fashion; others are sloped very narrow, left loose, and scalloped. Flannel suits should be made large, to allow for shrinkage. There should be no rough seams left to irrite the skin. Thick seams should be bound on the wrong side. To sew seams that are merely double of the flannel, first make the seam on the outside as if the garment were being made wrong side outward, then turn the garment and sew it in the usual way on the wrong side, inclosing the raw edges of the stuff between the seams and out of sight.

Marine fancies are seen among the prettiest suits. A navy-blue flannel blouse, trimmed with white braid, has a wide, square collar in true sailor shape, with an anchor wrought in the corners. A white moreen suit, similarly made, and trimmed with blue, has no collar, but a blue percale neckerchief is worn loosely round the neck, and tied in a sailor's knot in front. A pretty suit for a blonde is blue and green checked flannel trimmed with scarlet braid. The braid is box-pleated on the polonaise, and sewed plainly up the outer seams of the trousers. White moreen and stone-grey flannel, with cherry-coloured trimmings, are pretty for dark complexions.

Sandals and pretty straw slippers with cork soles are used on the Continent for bathing shoes. A ruche of braid trims the top of the slippers, and they are held on by braid strapped across the instep.

CORSAGES.

A most stylish corsage for dresses of pongee, silk, or grenadine over silk, has a sharply pointed basque behind, and round front. The basque begins at the seams under the arms and tapers down to a point about three-eighths of a yard long. A whalebone is put down the centre of the basque to hold it in place. It is the trimming, however, that gives this basque its peculiar style. A graduated ruffle of the material, three inches broad at the lowest point of the basque, and only an inch wide under the arms, is placed round it. This ruffle is very full, and gives the basque a most jaunty appearance. A belt, worn only in front of this corsage, is made of four folds of the material, sewed in where the basque ends in the side seams, and is fastened by a bow in front. The neck of the dress is pointed low and finished by a similar bow. Sabot sleeves with double ruffles are appropriate with this corsage. Sashes are not worn with such basques.

The trimming of most corsages consists of a ruffle beginning at the belt and gradually widening as it extends up the fronts and around the neck. Sometimes merely a standing pleated ruffle follows the outline of the pointed neck.

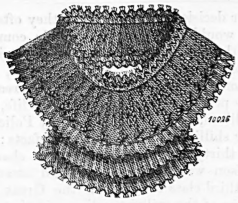

Fig. 1.

A row of Valenciennes two inches wide, or a pleating of tulle with or without a lace edge, is worn round the neck. Frills to match are basted inside the sabot sleeves.

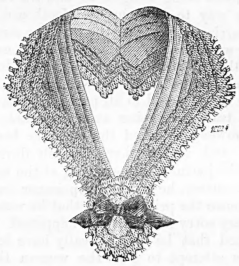

Fig. 3.

Pointed necks are more worn than the Pompadour squares. When square necks are used, they are accompanied by a sharp point at the front of the waist, and a basque back. Many basques and plain waists are made without side bodies, having merely a seam down the centre of the back. Some of the handsomest French dresses are made in this way. Very few whalebones are placed in a corsage; about eight bones, and those very short, thin, and flexible, are considered enough. Shoulder seams continue very short, and are placed on a line with the shoulders, not behind them. To make a dress very long in the shoulders, or to trim the armholes with epaulets or puffs, stamps it as old-fashioned. Side bodies begin low down in the armhole, extend upward about two inches, then curve downward, tapering to an inch at the belt. Two short, tapering darts are necessary in front of plain waists. Buttons up the front of the corsage require button-holes; when merely set in above hooks and eyes they are not ornamental, but give the dress an unfinished appearance. The best modistes use thick, strong silk, either white, grey, or black, for lining corsages of all dresses that do not wash—even of plainest woollen stuffs. They claim that the additional expense is compensated for by the greater beauty of the fit, as silk linings adjust themselves more perfectly to the figure than linen linings will, and do not stretch out of shape as cotton is apt to do.

Waists are neither very short nor extremely long, but are fitted to the natural figure. A waspishly small waist no longer excites admiration—the spirituelle figures are not considered stylish nowadays; deep, healthy shoulders, full busts, large hips, and plump, round waists of twenty-two or three inches are just as much the fashion as are gored skirts and tunics.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jet jewellery is worn as much as ever, as it is in good taste with the écru, turtle-dove grey, black, and white costumes of the season. Brooches and ear-rings are very large, and in Moorish designs, made up of many slender jingling bits and pendent drops.

Fig. 4.

Instead of the velvet ribbon necklace, so uncomfortable at this season, young ladies arrange a new suivez-moi by attaching medallions or crosses to long ribbons—two yards and a half in length and an inch wide—and wearing the ribbon so loosely that the ornament hangs on the cravat bow or below it, while the ribbon is carelessly passed over the shoulders and tied behind halfway down the corsage in a bow with long ends.

Lace mantles are less elaborately draped than they were last season. A few folds are taken on the shoulders, and that part of the back falling below the waist is passed beneath a sash. The fronts hang loose from the throat, instead of being crossed in fichu style. Llama and thread lace sacques, with slashed back and flowing sleeves, are much worn by young ladies. They look especially well with black grenadine and grisaille silk suits.

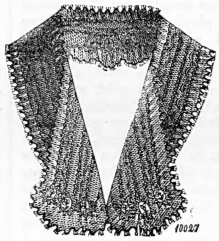

Fig. 6.

Scarves are beginning to be seen again in Paris. They are fastened on the shoulders and the front of the waist by ribbon bows, then the ends are crossed in front and fastened behind, halfway down the skirt, by a large bow.

It is an exception to the rule of the season to make a suit without an overskirt, or else a casaque that has the same effect. Many ladies have left from last summer pretty suits of white muslin or cambric, made with a belted basque and single skirt. These are worn as they are for house dresses; for the street a black silk walking skirt is worn underneath, and the whole skirt is caught up between the side seams in a single large pleat, to give the appearance of a long overskirt or of the casaque just described. There will be folds and wrinkles across the front width, and the back will hang almost to the edge of the silk skirt; but these are not objectionable. Nor does it matter how thick or how thin the white dress is, as everything from thick piqué to most transparent organdy is used in this way.

Fig. 7.—WALKING TOILETTE.

DESCRIPTIONS OF OUR FASHION ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEWEST FASHIONS IN COLLARS, ETC.

Fig. 1.—This collar should be cut out in black tulle, a wide band of black insertion be placed in the middle, and both edges finished by a frilling of lace. The chemisette front is formed by two deep frillings of lace placed on tulle.

Fig. 2 and 5.—The frills of lace round these collars should be fastened by a Swiss muslin band, fancy stitched. The corners should have a flower embroidered on the muslin. Fig. 2 is garnished with a rosette of pink ribbon. Fig. 5, with bow and ends of blue velvet.

Fig. 3.—Cut this collar of Swiss muslin, lay it in folds. Trim the outer edge with a ruffle of Valenciennes lace an inch deep. Cover the seam made by sewing on the ruffles with lace insertion half an inch wide, which must be cut out of the foundation. Arrange the front to form a rosette of lace with a coloured bow in the centre.

Fig. 4.—This collar is formed by two very deep lace frills falling over the shoulder. A narrow lace edge ornaments the neck, and is taken round the ends, which should be embroidered; fastened at the neck with a velvet bow.

Fig. 6.—This collar is of Valenciennes insertion two-fifths of an inch wide, and gathered Valenciennes edging of the same width. Form the revers by turning down the front of the collar. Trim in the manner shown by the illustration.

WALKING TOILET.

Fig. 7.—Skirt of violet silk terminating with a deep flounce of very little fullness. The heading of the flounce is placed on by a cross band of violet silk edged with white lace.

Tunic to correspond with the flounce, forming a tablier in front, the back being slashed up to the waist, joined at the bottom with bow and ends. The sides are ornamented with violet cord and tassels. Small paletot with basque trimmed with a pleating and fringe. Coat-sleeves trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of rice straw trimmed with violet silk.

Work-Table.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

This elegant design in Berlin woolwork will serve for various useful purposes. For the top of a music-stool, a sofa-cushion, or an ottoman it would be equally suitable, and though simple to work would be found most effective.

Fig. 8.—GLOVE OR HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

This useful little article will look exceedingly pretty made of black silk canvas, the design to be worked on in crimson filoselle. It should be lined with crimson satin, and bound round the edge with ribbon to match. The design may also be effectively copied in netting and darning.

Fig. 9.—SLIPPER IN CLOTH AND VELVET.

This stylish slipper should be on scarlet cloth, braided with black braid. The leaves and centre ornament are in velvet appliqué, an elegant and fashionable work that has been fully described in our columns. The flowers are in satin stitch.

A KNITTED COUNTERPANE.

This counterpane is to be knitted on small ivory knitting needles, with stout four-threaded cotton.

T F means thread in front; K means knit plain; P means purl.

Row 1.—Take up one stitch.
Row 2.—T F—K.
Row 3.—T F—K 2.
Row 4.—T F, K 1—T F, K 1—T F, K 1.
Row 5.—T F, K 1—P 3—K 2.
Row 6.- T F, K 2—T F, K 3—T F, K 2.
Row 7.—T F, K 2—P 5—K 3.
Row 8.—T F, K 3—T F, K 5—T F, K 3.
Row 9.—T F, K 3—P 7—K 4.
Row 10.—T F, K 4—T F, K 7—T F, K 4.
Row 11.—T F, K 5—P 9—K 4.
Row 12.—T F—knit remainder plain.
Row 13.—T F, K 5—P 9—K 6.
Row 14.—T F—knit remainder plain.
Row 15.—T F, K 6—P 9—K 7.
Row 16.—T F—knit remainder plain.
Row 17.—T F, K 7—P 9—K 8.
Row 18.—T F—knit remainder plain.
Row 19.—T F, K 8—P 9—K 9.
Row 20.—T F, K 9—knit 2 together—K 5—knit 2 together—K 9.
Row 21.—T F, K 9—P 7—K 10.
Row 22.—T F, K 10—knit 2 together—K 3—knit 2 together—K 10.
Row 23.—T F, K 10—P 5—K 11.
Row 24.—T F, K 11—knit 2 together—K 1—knit 2 together—K 11.
Row 25.—T F, K 11—P 3—K 12.
Row 26.—T F, K 12—knit 2 together—K 13.
Row 27.—T F—knit remainder plain.
Row 28.—T F—knit remainder plain.
Row 29.—P the whole row.
Row 30.—K 2 together—knit remainder plain.
Row 31.—K 2 together—knit remainder plain.
Row 32.—P 2 together—purl remainder plain.
Row 33.—K 2 together—knit remainder plain.
Row 34.—K 2 together—knit remainder plain.
Row 35.—P 2 together—purl remainder plain.
Row 36.—Repeat, beginning with the 30th row. (Four small squares make one large one.)

EDGING FOR COUNTERPANE:

Row 1.—Take up nineteen stitches.
Row 2.—K 2—T F, K 2 together—T F, K 2 together—T F, K 2 together—T F, K 2 together—K 1—T F twice—K 2 together—T F twice—K 2 together—T F twice—K 2 together—T F, K 2 together.

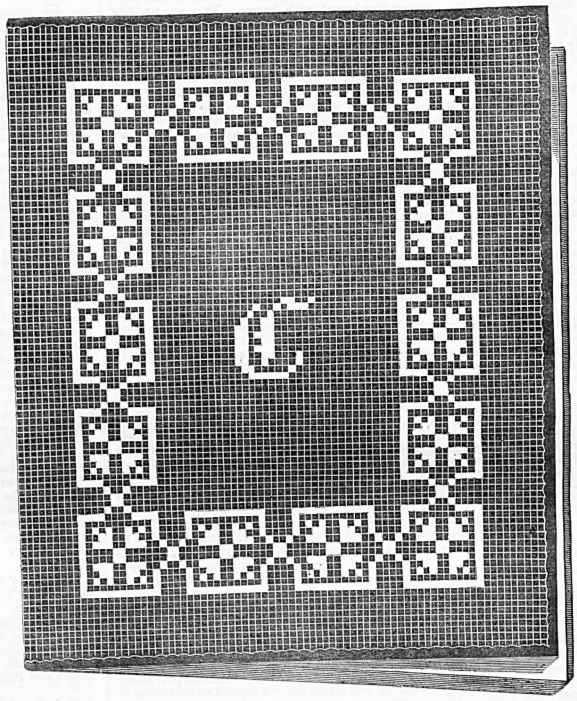

Fig. 8.—GLOVE OR HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

Row 3.—K 2, P 1—K 2, P 1—K 2, P 1—K 2, P 7—K 2.
Row 4.—K 2—T F, K together—T F, K 2 together—T F, K 2 together—T F, K 2 together—K all till the last stitch—T F, K 1.
Row 5.—K 15—P 7—K 2.
Row 6.—K 2—T F, K 2 together—do this four times as in the 3rd row—K 1—T F twice, K 2 together—K all till last stitch—T F, K 1.
Row 7.—K 14—P 1—K 2—P 7—K 2.
Row 8.—K 2—T F, K 2 together—do this four times—K till the last stitch—T F, K 1.
Row 9.—K 18—P 7—K 2.
Row 10.—K 2—T F, K 2 together—do this four times—K 1—T F twice—K 2 together—T F twice, K 2 together—K all till last stitch—T F, K 1.
Row 11.—K 15—P 1—K 1, P 1—K 2—P 7—K 2.
Row 12.—K 2—T F, K 2 together—do this four times—K all till the last stitch—T F, K 1.
Row 13.—K 22—P 7—K 2.
Row 14.—K 2—T F, K 2 together—do this four times—K 1—T F twice—K 2 together—do this four times—K all till last stitch—T F, K 1.
Row 15.—K 17—P 1—K 2—P 1—K 2—P 1—K 2—P 7—K 2.
Row 16.—K 2—T F, K 2 together—do this four times—K all till last stitch—T F—K 1.
Row 17—K 18—bind off the first 17, each one in turn over the last one knit—and be sure afterwards that there are 18 left on the needle—K 9—P 7—K 2.
Repeat, beginning with the first row.

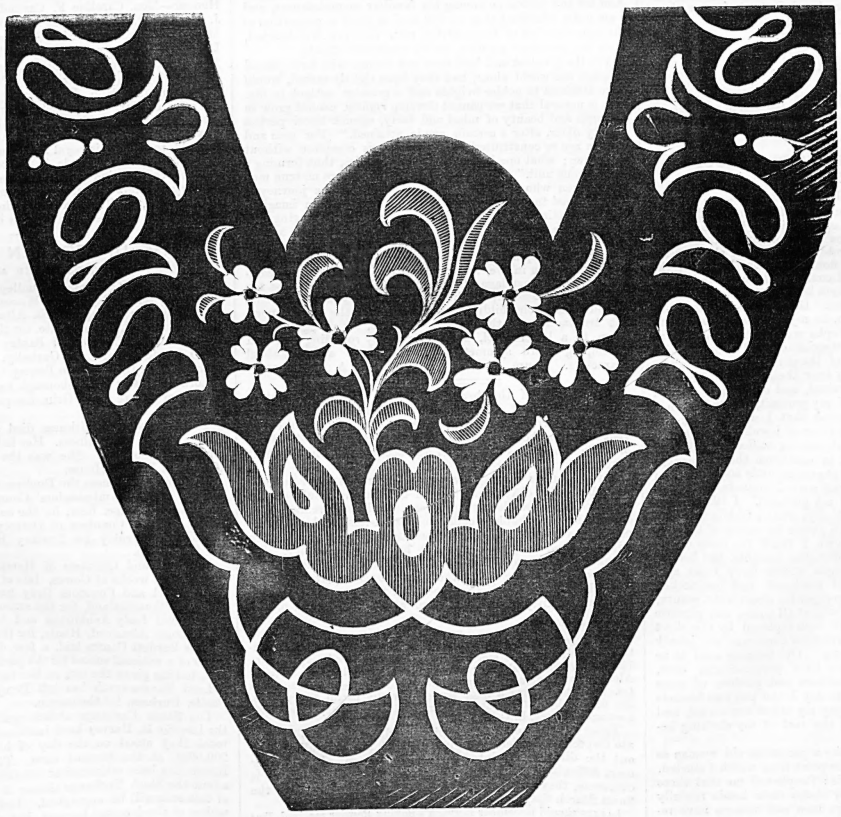

Fig. 9.—LADY'S SLIPPER IN CLOTH AND VELVET.

POWER OF FRENCH WOMEN.

It is a curious fact that in France, where, by an organic law, woman is for ever excluded from the throne, and thus publicly branded with incompetency to rule, she should exercise a greater social and political dominion than in any other country. There has hardly been an epoch in French history that some clever woman or other, by the force of beauty and talents, has not succeeded in establishing an empire of her own, an *imperium in imperio*, to which the constituted authorities have been obliged to defer. The women Scudéry, Ninon de L'Enclos, Maintenon, Pompadour, De Staël, Roland, Tallien, Récamier, and Girardin, though with no visible crown and sceptre, were real queens in power in spite of the Salic law, and governed France as much as, if not more than, the Bourbons, the Bonapartes, the Orleanses, and the revolutionary assemblies and dictators.

The influence of woman in France may be attributed partly to the courtesy of the nation, which, with a chivalrous deference to females, gives them a social precedence. This endows them with a sense of power, which naturally brings with it the disposition and confidence necessary for its exercise. The intimate and constant association of the two sexes in France creates a strength of common interest such as exists nowhere else. Being ever together, what concerns the one is sure to interest the other, and though in France politics might be deemed, in consequence of the Salic law, more especially the business of man, they are, in fact, shared by the French woman more largely than by any of her sex in other countries. The political press, which in England and America, notwithstanding its freedom, is almost without influence upon women, for they seldom read it, is in France, and especially in Paris, as much read by the women as the men.

The purely scholastic education of the ordinary Frenchwoman is no better, but much worse, we are inclined to think, than that of our countrywomen, but her practical discipline is infinitely superior. Brought by the social habits of the country into constant communion with man, she is early initiated in all his interests. She is made thus not only a companion of his pleasures, but of his business, and thus becomes able to grace the one and serve the other. Every Frenchwoman more or less busies herself with the practical affairs of life, and, thus using her faculties, reaches a soundness of judgment and maturity of intellect which give weight to her opinion, which is accordingly sought, and not seldom followed.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Cecil's (L.) Fenacre Grange, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.
Chetwynd's (Hon. Mrs.) Janie, a Highland Love Story, 2 vols., 21s.
Farrow's (M.) After Baxtow's Death, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d., cloth.
Fitzgerald's (P.) Beauty Talbot, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d., cloth.
Gaskell's (Mrs.) North and South, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d., cloth.
Love Stories of the English Watering-places, new edition, 2s.
Neville's (Hugh) Sir Richard, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d., cloth.

The Housekeeper.

COOKERY AND DOMESTIC HINTS.

Snow-flake Cake.—Take half a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four of flour, and one of sweet milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda. Get two fresh cocoa-nuts, and grate them carefully. Bake the cake in shallow jelly-pans. Spread over each, as it comes from the oven, a thin frosting, and sprinkle it thickly with the grated cocoa-nut. Three layers of the cake make one loaf. Let the cocoa-nut be very thick on the top. This recipe will make two loaves.

To Remove Mildew.—A lady writes: "On half a pound of chloride of lime pour a pailful of boiling water. When settled, pour the clear liquid through a cloth into another pailful of water, taking care that none of the turbid water passes through. Then put in the mildewed goods, and let them stand in the solution over night; rinse thoroughly, and boil with soap." Treated in this manner, our correspondent avers, the mildew will be removed without the slightest injury to the fabric.

Hints on House-furnishing.—A colonial contemporary gives some good practical hints on the tasteful furnishing of homes. It is a mistake to hang oil paintings, beyond mere cabinet size, in a small room devoted to other purposes. They give a heavy air, which destroys the grace of the surroundings. A miniature parlour should always be light and simple in arrangement. Large vases, candelabra, and heavy cabinets are out of place there. But one mirror should be allowed, and that over the mantel, with the narrowest and plainest gilt frame, solely relieved by a fern leaf or *fleur de lys* at the corners. A good idea is to have the frames all dead white, or bronze gilt, in which case they should be wider and bevelled outward. Water colours and pencil drawings may occupy the walls. The taste of a lady is tested by the style in which she hangs her pictures. The object is usually to have them balance each other in size. The reverse is better. A good arrangement places the piano on one side of the fire-place and leaves the other vacant. Above the piano is the position for a broad cartoon or a smiling landscape with many lights; left singly, such a one is very pleasing here. On the blank wall the other side is the place for a group of engravings, say Murillo's Madonna or a Marguerite, with half-a-dozen small ones clustered beneath or around it. Over the sofa, opposite, hang wide pieces in water-colour, scrolls of fern, low sloping northern shores, or a series of pen-and-ink sketches in miniature. The frames should be narrow, plain bevils of dead gilt; velvet borders, or plain wider frames of ebony and whitewood, or mahogany, cherry, and walnut, square and severe are all in good taste. The different colours of the wood relieve each other in square mouldings, and lines with plain corner pieces, without the least attempt at ornament. Oil pictures and chromo-lithographs should be supported on small carved easels, on brackets, or draped supports. Velvet-covered pedestals are among the most graceful and modern decorations of a room, and are much preferable to the multiplicity of tables which crowd a tasteless room. The centre table, indeed, is abolished in a parlour of good style. It seemed placed in the most conspicuous position to give everyone the trouble of travelling around it. A round table should stand between or near the front windows, instead of the pier glass, which is banished to the dressing-room or ball saloon. An oval one should have a convenient position elsewhere against the wall. The cabinet is as conspicuous in a modern drawing-room as in the boudoir of an old marquise, where thousands of francs were lavished on its enrichment. Its convenience for keeping Berlin wool, large books of engravings and curiosities, have restored it to its former place. Plate-glass mirrors in the doors are allowable.

Correspondence.

[We invite discussion on all subjects of interest to ladies, and it must be distinctly understood therefore, that by giving insertion to the letters of correspondents, we do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions of the writers.—Ed. L.O.P.]

AN OLD LADY'S NOTIONS OF GOOD CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the Lady's Own Paper.

Dear Sir,—I am an old woman, but I am not in the least conservative after the manner of my kind. I have a weakness for the ways and fashions of the hour, and can smile cheerfully upon my eldest granddaughter when she appears before me *crêpée, panierée* and flounced to the height of the mode. She looks pretty, and I confess the fact. As long as she neither paints her face nor dyes her hair I can see no harm in her dainty and fantastic attire. Girls did not dress so in my day, to be sure. But then, in my day steamboats were scarce, and railroads and telegraphs were not. I should as soon yearn after a journey by stage-coach and canal-boat as to desire to see the young girls of the period attired in calico, with their hair combed tightly over their ears. Nor did I ever dress in that simple, be-praised, and unæsthetic fashion myself. The mute evidence of my portrait, painted when I was just twenty-two, proves to me that I wore a black silk dress, a lace cape, and sundry articles of jewellery, and that I built up my hair into a most astonishing edifice of puffs and bows, three times more difficult to construct than a modern chignon would be. I like the charming little concoctions of lace and ribbons and flowers which we call bonnets, and which replace the satin cartwheels of my girlhood. I like duplex ellipties, and do not sigh after the days when a fashionable lady could with difficulty step across a gutter by reason of the narrowness of her skirts. I must own I think the dress of the present day infinitely more comfortable, sensible, and healthful than were the styles in vogue almost forty years ago. Thin slippers and open-worked stockings and low-necked dresses, with embroidered muslin capes for street wear, scanty, tightly-cut, and insufficient clothing at all times, and gigantic and cumbersome head-gear, have been replaced by the short skirts, thick Balmoral boots, warm outer garments, and jaunty hats of the now reigning fashions. Our bonnets used to be horizontal cartwheels, and our hats perpendicular ones, both adorned with forests of feathers and gardens of roses of preternatural bigness. And to-day I can put two bonnets in my little trunk when I go to pay my eldest son a visit, and yet have abundant space for all the rest of my clothing besides.

But here I am, rambling on like a garrulous old woman as I am, without ever coming to the point from which I started. And the point in question is this: People tell me that there are no children now-a-days, and shake their heads ruefully as they assure me that miniature men and women have replaced the joyous, innocent children of bygone epochs. Have they? Then, for my part, I am glad of it. A real, unmitigated, uncivilised child is a nuisance too great to be passively endured. It daubs its face and clothes with treacle, smashes the windows, tears lace curtains, mounts on brocade furniture with muddy boots, tortures cats, teases pigeons, and is a compound of noise and dirt and bad behaviour generally. Enter the miniature lady and gentleman whose existence fills the conservative breast with horror. They are prettily and carefully dressed. They extend kid-gloved hands, and say, sweetly, "Good morning." They speak when they are spoken to, and have something so say beyond "Lemme be!" and "I dunno!" If you give a children's ball, the Child of the Period (*ætat.* 8) will grace it. She will come elegantly dressed and well-mannered. She will dance the "German" with all possible science and *savoir faire*, will flirt a very little and very discreetly, and will partake modestly of a ladylike sufficiency of supper. Her brother (*ætat.* 10) is an accomplished cavalier. He engages his dancing partners early in the evening, escorts the chosen of his heart to the supper-room, waits on her with assiduity, bestows on her all the bonbons and flowers he receives, and refuses to be tempted even by *biscuit glacé* or crystallised fruits till all her wants are well supplied. The innocent, unsophisticated child would bolt into the room, pull down the pyramids of bonbons and the bouquets of flowers, throw ice-cream in his neighbour's face, and end by gorging himself to repletion, and by spilling all spillable and sticky viands over his clothes. And I must say that I have seen far more real enjoyment among the daintily-dressed, well-mannered couples who bounded through the *galop* and flew through the mazes of the "German," than I ever witnessed among the whooping, yelling crowd of those dreadful little savages, natural, unrestrained children. Children are naturally imitative, and it is as easy to persuade them to consider themselves refined, rational beings—ladies and gentlemen, in short—as it is to work them up to that pitch of excitement and unrestraint when they cease to be small specimens of humanity and become horrid little pigs. I hail the Child of the Period as a boon; and though not a Presbyterian, I am ready to subscribe to one at least of their doctrines—namely, that whatsoever is is right, so far as children are concerned. An Old Lady.

A BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

To the Editor of the Lady's Own Paper.

Sir,—What can a bachelor say on the subject of marriage? He knows nothing of the joys and sorrows of married life, for he has never experienced them. True, he cannot give you the knowledge gained by the experience of an actor in the drama, but he can present what is gleaned by the observation of a spectator gazing on from the gallery.

And first I wish to say a few words for the noble and ancient order to which I belong.

Old bachelors have been almost invariably represented as unloving, even bitter and misanthropic in their feelings toward mankind in general, and the opposite sex in particular; but that this view is, to a great extent, erroneous, I think every candid person will admit after a careful examination of the subject. Where can we find more genial writers, more loving and generous friends, any who have contributed more to the general stock of human enjoyment, than Oliver Goldsmith, Charles Lamb, and Washington Irving? All of them bachelors. And can anything but the most perfect and sincere loyalty to their kind, combined with a noble deference and profound regard for woman, be laid to the charge of two such "old bachelors" as Burritt and Whittier?

Neither do I think that we have any evidence of a cynical spirit being manifested by Plato, Swedenborg, Newton, or Humboldt.

All of the above named will bear comparison with an equal number of the best selected from the ranks of the benedicts. And let any person go among his familiar acquaintances, and I am quite confident that he will find as great a proportion of the unmarried as of the married men who are free-hearted, open and generous natures, loving home and friends.

Yet the greatest and best men and women who have passed through the world alone, had they been rightly mated, would have attained to nobler heights and a grander outlook in life. "It is natural that we cannot develop *rightly*, cannot grow in strength and beauty of mind and body, cannot know perfect felicity *alone*, after a certain age is attained." For men and women are so constituted that "neither is complete without the other; what one lacks the other supplies, thus forming a harmonious unit." And I take it that there are no true men and women who have not, some time during the journey of life, yearned to meet their soul's companion, and, in imagination, have climed Pisgah's heights and gazed with longing eyes upon the promised land, which on earth is "the true heart's only home," but which they are destined never to reach.

As the development of our manhood and womanhood should be the chief aim in life, and as this can never be full or complete without marriage, its great importance cannot be too strongly impresssd upon the minds of the young. Parents should teach their children that it will prove the most important transaction of their lives. If false, by dragging them down to a lower level, and, if true, by rounding out and developing more symmetrical, harmonious and beautiful characters. Yours, A Bachelor.

On the top of the tower of Holt Castle a footprint is marked in the lead, within which is written the following: "Mrs. Pickernell, aged seventy-eight, to commemorate the visit of Queen Adelaide to Holt Castle. September 4, 1843." Mrs. Pickernell was the wife of the occupant of the castle at that time.

Influence of Ladies' Society.—A French paper tells us that the Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois de Boulogne has just received a female ourang-outang, aged three years. This animal is remarkable docile and good-tempered, and its cleanliness is such that it will wash its hands, face, and neck with soap and water whenever it has an opportunity. We should like to borrow that animal and introduce her to our own zoological collection in the Regent's-park. Her example might have a beneficial effect upon the monkeys there, which are about as dirty and ill-mannered as it is in simian nature to be.

Fancy Dresses.—Z. Simpson and Company invite special attention to their extensive stock of New Summer Goods, 4½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., 10½d., and 12½d. per yard. A special lot of Lustrine Alpacas in all colours, 6½d. per yard, worth 9½d.—Z. Simpson and Co. are also offering a large parcel of really useful Fancy Silks, 35s. 6d. the dress of 12 yards.—65 and 66 (late 48, 49, 50, and 53), Farringdon-street, E. C.

Those ladies who have not yet tried the Glenfield Starch are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package. It is rather more difficult to make than other Starches, but when this is overcome, they will say like the Queen's laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used.

Ladies should remember Borwick's Baking Powder received *Two Gold Medals* for its superiority over all other Baking Powders For making Puddings, Pies, and Tarts. Sold everywhere in 6d. and 1s. boxes, also 1d. packets.

Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

The Queen drove out at Osborne on Tuesday afternoon last week, accompanied by Princess Louise; and Her Majesty walked in the grounds on the Wednesday morning with her royal highness. Princess Beatrice also went out.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out on Wednesday afternoon, attended by Viscountess Clifden; and Her Majesty walked in the grounds on Thursday morning, accompanied by Princess Louise.

The Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley arrived at Osborne on the Wednesday on a visit to Her Majesty.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, walked and drove on the Thursday afternoon, and Her Majesty walked in the grounds on Friday morning with Princess Louise.

The Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley and Sir Thomas and Hon. Lady Biddulph had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family on the Thursday.

The Queen drove out on Friday afternoon, attended by Viscountess Clifden and the Hon. Florence Seymour. Colonel Ponsonby was in attendance on horseback as Equerry in Waiting. Prince Arthur arrived from London, attended by Lieutenant Pickard. Their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, and Princess Beatrice, attended by Viscountess Clifden, honoured the Rev. George and Mrs. Prothero with their presence at the annual games of the Whippingham school children at Whippingham Rectory.

On Saturday morning Her Majesty walked in the grounds, accompanied by Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, and Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, drove out.

The Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley left Osborne. The Hon. Eva Macdonald arrived on a visit. The Earl and Countess Granville also arrived.

Her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Rev. George Prothero officiated.

On Monday morning the Queen walked out, accompanied by Princess Louise. Prince Arthur and Princess Beatrice also went out.

Earl and Countess Granville left Osborne for London.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out on Monday afternoon, attended by Viscountess Clifden; and Her Majesty walked in the grounds on Tuesday morning with Princess Louise and Prince Arthur.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian, with their youthful family, are still at Malvern, where they are expected to reside some time, in consequence of Frogmore House being under extensive repair.

That portion of Cumberland Lodge, including the State apartments, which was destroyed by fire in November last, will be rebuilt, and large numbers of workmen have commenced the foundations.

The general rota of waits of Her Majesty's household for the month of August, with the dates on which the duties commence, is as follows: Lady of the Bedchamber—Lady Churchill, 9th. Women of the Bedchamber—Hon. Mrs. Alexander Gordon, 9th; Hon. Mrs. Bruce, 23rd. Maids of Honour—Hon. Caroline F. Cavendish, 25th; Hon. Flora C. J. Macdonald, 25th. Lords in Waiting—Lord Methuen, 9th; Marquis of Huntly, 23rd. Grooms in Waiting—Col. Henry Lynedoch Gardiner, 9th; Hon. Algernon F. W. Greville, M.P., 23rd. Equerries—Clerk-Marshal Lord Alfred Paget; Colonel Hon. A. E. Hardinge. Pages of Honour—Hon. G. F. H. Somerset, Hon. F. J. Bruce.

Prince Arthur, who precedes Her Majesty to Balmoral, will return to his own residence at Blackheath, and resume his military duties at Woolwich on the 12th of October next. The Rifle Brigade, to which his royal highness is attached, is expected at Woolwich from Canada in September, and will be quartered in the Marine Barracks, the Prince occupying as his military quarters the marine commandant's house adjoining the barracks, in Rush-grove, retaining the ranger's house on the outskirts of Greenwich-park as his private residence.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Earl and Countess of Dudley have left Dudley House, Park-lane, for Witley Court, Worcestershire, for the season.

The Duchess Dowager of St. Albans and Lady Diana Beauclerk have left 4, Princes-gate, for the Channel Islands.

The Earl and Countess of Bantry and Ladies White have left Lowndes-square for Garbally, the seat of the Earl of Clancarty, on their way to Bantry for the summer.

Lord and Lady Londesborough have left their residence in Grosvenor-square for Grimston-park, Yorkshire, for the season.

The Countess of Caithness died on Sunday at Barrowgill Castle, after a short illness. Her ladyship has been indisposed for some time past. She was the daughter of Sir George Philips, of Weston House.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge has left her residence in the Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace, for Cambridge Cottage, Kew, for the autumn.

The Earl and Countess of Dartrey and Lady Mary Dawson left town on Friday for Dartrey House, county Monaghan, for the season.

The Earl and Countess of Harrington have left town, to pass several weeks at Cowes, Isle of Wight.

The Earl and Countess Grey have left town for Howick Hall, Northumberland, for the season.

Lord and Lady Ashburton and family have left town for the Grange, Alresford, Hants, for the season.

Miss Burdett Coutts laid, a few days ago, the foundation-stone of a national school for the parish of St. Anne, Highgate-rise, having given the site on her land there for the building.

Lord Ravensworth has left Percy Cross for Ravensworth Castle, Durham, for the season.

The Stock Exchange claims against the private estate of the late Sir R. Harvey have increased from 51,000*l.*, at which total they stood on the day of his death, to upwards of 200,000*l.* at the present time. The private estate of Sir Robert has been estimated at 200,000*l.*, but should the court admit the Stock Exchange claims, it is feared that the whole of this sum will be engulphed. Lady Henrietta Harvey, the widow of the deceased baronet, has signed a deed renouncing in favour of the creditors of the Crown Bank her interest in her late husband's private estate. Sir Robert had bequeathed her ladyship an annuity of 3,000*l.* per annum, but this she

abandons. The act is, no doubt, a graceful one, but if the Stock Exchange claims against Sir Robert's private estate are admitted, the annuity would, under any circumstances, have fallen through from lack of funds with which to pay it. Her ladyship retains her marriage settlement of 5,000*l.*, and may possibly benefit from life insurance policies to the extent of 5,000*l.* more. The present baronet, Sir C. Harvey, receives the entailed estates, subject to a charge of 800*l.* per annum for the benefit of his younger brother and sisters, who are expected to reside with their mother in London.

The Earl of Roden and Lord Henry Somerset left town on Monday for a tour on the Continent.

The Earl and Countess Nelson and family have left town for Trafalgar House, near Salisbury, for the season.

The Countess of Powis and Lady Harriet Herbert left town on Tuesday for Powis Castle, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, for the season.

FOREIGN COURTS.

The Empress of the French assumed the duties of Regent on the 28th ult., and presided at a Council of Ministers in the afternoon. The Prince Imperial went on the 27th to take leave of the Princess Mathilde

The Prince Imperial, who used to wear his hair rather long and curling, had it cut, before his departure, to the French military regulations, which is not quite so becoming, but which his mother thought suited him extremely well. Before leaving he gave a lock of his hair to all the ladies of the Palace. The Empress superintended the preparation of the young soldier's kit, and packed his trunk with her own hands. As usual, on occasions when firmness and energy are required, she showed to great advantage, and bore the parting with much fortitude.

The following Bavarian princes are named as taking part in the campaign: Otho, brother to the King; Luitpold, uncle to the King, with his sons Louis, Leopold, and Arnold; and Duke Emmanuel, brother to the Empress of Austria.

Prince Alexander of Holland has left Utretcht by the Rhine Railway for the head-quarters of the army. The King and Queen took a most affectionate leave, and the Queen appeared greatly moved.

The Grand Duke of Baden has sent his children to their aunt at Gotha, where they will shortly be followed by their mother the Grand Duchess.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

The marriage of the Marquis of Downshire and Georgiana Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. John and Lady Georgiana Balfour, of Balbirnie, was solemnised on Tuesday, last week, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square. The wedding party met at the church at half-past eleven o'clock, the bridegroom, accompanied by his groomsman, arriving shortly afterwards, and being soon followed by the bride, who was met at the church by her father, Mr. Balfour, and her bridesmaids, Miss Mary Balfour, Lady Margaret Scott, Lady Muriel Campbell, Hon. Hester Cotton, Hon. Rosa Hood, and Miss A. P. Bouverie. Shortly after two o'clock the noble Marquis and his bride took their departure for East Hampstead, his lordship's residence near Bracknell, Berks, to pass the honeymoon.

The same day, Mr. Walter Phillimore, son of the Right Hon. Sir R. J. Phillimore, Dean of Arches, was married to Miss Agnes Lushington, in Westminster Abbey. The bride was attended to the altar by nine bridesmaids. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Leighton, Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford, assisted by the Rev. Mowbray Northcote, the blessing being given by the Dean of Westminster. The bride was given away by her uncle, Sir Stafford Northcote, at whose house the wedding party subsequently breakfasted.

The marriage of J. H. Schneider, Esq., eldest son of H. W. Schneider, of Belsfield, Windermere, and 67, Eaton-square, with Miss Crofton, only daughter of the late Rev. Morgan Crofton, of Dungarvon, Co. Waterford, and grand-niece of the late Sir Hugh Crofton, Bart., of Mohill House, took place at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Wednesday, the 20th ult. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Sir Lionel Darell, Bart., assisted by the Rev. Kirby Turner and the Rev. J. Selwyn. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Major Crofton, wore a dress of white satin, with deep flounce of Brussels lace, a wreath of orange-blossoms and stephanotis, with tulle veil, and a diamond necklace, earrings, and bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom's father. She was attended to the altar by eight bridesmaids—viz., Miss Brown, Miss Becher, Miss Hyde Clarke, Miss F. Rose, Miss Turner, Miss Bird, Miss Currie, and Miss Pidcock, who wore bodies and upper skirts of rich Alexandra blue silk over dresses of flounced white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; bonnets of white tulle, trimmed with blue ribbons and marabout feathers, and long flowing veils; also lockets of gold and blue enamel, with pearl and diamond centres, the gift of the bridegroom. The newly-married couple left town at two o'clock *en route* for the Lakes.

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Mr. Charles Chichester, eldest son of Robert Chichester, Esq., of Hall, Devon, and Beatrice, eldest daughter of Sir Arthur Chichester, Bart., of Youlston, Devon.

A marriage is arranged between Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, of Antrim Castle and Oriel Temple, Ireland, and Miss Whyte-Melville, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Whyte-Melville.

A marriage has been arranged between Capt. the Hon. Sydney Hylton Jolliffe, Scots Fusilier Guards, second son of Lord Hylton, and Miss Gertrude Eaton, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Eaton, M.P., of Stetchworth-park, Cambridgeshire.

A marriage is arranged to take place this month between Captain Hallifax, of the 3rd Hussars, and Miss Coker, second daughter of the late Major Coker, of Bicester House, Oxfordshire, and step-daughter of Mr. H. W. Deacon, Master of the Hampshire Hounds.

It is stated that a marriage has been arranged between Mr. Henry Crompton, a son of the late Mr. Justice Crompton, and the youngest daughter of Lord Romilly.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the late Right Hon. Robert King, sixth Earl of Kingston, of Roscommon, and second Viscount Lorton, in the peerage of Ireland, was proved in London on the 12th ult., and the personalty in England sworn under 30,000*l.* He leaves to his daughter, the Hon. Frances Isabella Warburton, 3,000*l.*, in addition to 20,000*l.* under settlement. He has left to three of his servants legacies of 200*l.*, 100*l.*, and 50*l.*

The will of Admiral Robert Mitford, late of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, and of Hunmanby Hall, Yorkshire, was proved in London, on the 15th ult., by the testator's son-in-law, Mr. William Amhurst Tyssen Amhurst, the executor for life. The personalty was sworn under 35,000*l.* He has left to the poor of Hunmanby the annual sum of 20*l.*, 15*l.* to be expended in coals, and 5*l.* to be given to the clothing club; and he leaves to the poor of Mitford 5*l.* a year. There are liberal legacies to his servants, both in and out-door. To his wife there is secured a rent-charge of 600*l.* a year from the manor and lordship of Reighton, Yorkshire; and subject thereto he leaves his Yorkshire estates and all others he may have acquired to his daughter, Margaret Susan, wife of the said W. A. T. Amhurst, and to her husband and children.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS,

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

(We shall be glad to receive from Correspondents, particularly from our numerous friends abroad, information of all kinds bearing upon the intellectual, social, and material progress of Woman.—Ed. L. O. P.)

Working-women are wanted in Colorado. Trustworthy reports say that a thousand could find immediate employment there, and at high wages. A competent girl commands better wages there than a male labourer.

An English translation of the "Letters on Woman," by Fanny Lewald, which appeared in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, will be issued shortly; French and Russian versions are also in preparation, and an Italian one has appeared in the *Rivista Europea*.

The degree of "Bachelor" of Laws had been conferred on a married lady in America. Mrs. Kepley, the lady in question, is the wife of Mr. H. B. Kepley, a practising lawyer of Effingham, in Chicago. Having for some years had a desire to be admitted to the bar, she commenced at her own home reading various legal text-books. Wishing to take a thorough course, she, with the full consent of her husband, went to Chicago, entered the law department of the university, and pursued the regular course of study prescribed by that institution to the end, and then passed a creditable examination. She obtained her diploma, but, in consequence of a recent decision of the Supreme Court, was unable to obtain a certificate to practise.

A society which has just been formed in Paris, under the immediate patronage of the Empress, has determined upon founding a school for separate medical education, the programme of which was recently laid before her Majesty by MM. Dury, Husson, Nélaton, and Milne-Edwards. During the first *semestre* the pupils are to follow the courses of lectures instituted for young women at the Sorbonne, and which comprise physics, chemistry, botany, the elements of anatomy and physiology, and the elements of mathematics. During the second *semestre* special courses on medical and pharmaceutical chemistry, and on anatomy and physiology, are to be followed, together with an elementary course on pathology, especially as relates to children's diseases and hygiene. At the end of the second *semestre* hospital attendance is to be commenced, and special conferences and demonstrations may be attended. Those who contemplate seeking practice in Mussulman countries will be enabled to follow courses on the Turkish and Arabic languages. At the end of the year an examination will be held to ascertain which pupils are fitted to pursue the superior courses of medical instruction.

Two recently-published French books deserve translation for familiar use in this country. "Le Docteur au Village" is the title of both, and they are written by Madame Hippolyte Meunier, the daughter of a French physician. One of the volumes treats of hygiene, the other of botany. Both are written in a dialogue form, and their style is admirably lucid.

The Parliament of Great Britain is still debating whether it is safe to trust married women with property. In America, we are assured, many men have such a high opinion of the prudence and skilful management of their wives, that they trust them in the judicious expenditure of money more than they trust themselves. The American *Evening Post* thus gallantly speaks on behalf of woman: "We hear much of the extravagance of women; but as a rule men spend far more money on luxuries than women; and if any man thinks his wife extravagant or careless in money matters, we advise him to divide his income with her, give her a bank account, and let her manage her household affairs, he giving advice when asked. He will presently discover in his wife an amount of tact, care, judgment, forethought, and skill in management which will greatly increase his admiration of her, and the exercise of which qualities in an independent way will make her life happier, and largely increase her usefulness as a member of society and as the educator of her children."

Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen was in the chair at the monthly meeting on Monday night of Miss Faithfull's discussion society. The Indian reformer spoke hopefully of the progress of women's education in India, and suggested that one means of advancing it would be for young Englishwomen to go out to that country as governesses. By such an example the native women might be expected to be greatly influenced.

Alleged Peeress in Distress.—A lady claiming to be a peeress is in receipt of out-door relief in the parish of Lambeth. We briefly referred to the case a few weeks ago, but are now in possession of fuller particulars. Lady Annandale, or, as she is compelled to be content to call herself, Miss Johnstone, resides in the Parish of Lambeth, is fifty-five years of age, and has a sister residing with her who is a few years younger than herself. Both ladies are evidently of superior culture and intelligence, and are in dire poverty. The father of these ladies, according to their own statement, was a legal practitioner in good circumstances, and being confident that he was the rightful claimant to the marquisate and earldom of Annandale, in Scotland, abandoned his profession to prosecute a suit in the House of Lords and elsewhere, to obtain what he believed to be his dues. Mr. Goodinge Johnstone having abandoned his profession as barrister, his connection was lost, and he appeared never to have heart to renew it. He lived on the charity of some friends until he died in 1856, at the age of seventy-six, in Brixton. His widow died in the parish of Lambeth last year, and his two daughters reside there on the meagre allowance of a few shillings a-week from a sympathising resident in the neighbourhood, eked out by parish relief. A conversation with the ladies proves their having moved in respectable society, their manners and speech being utterly out of character with their poverty-stricken surroundings.

"For several years I have suffered from repeated and severe attacks of Lumbago, and I can truly say that I have never found such effectual relief as that I have recently experienced from the use of your Vegetable Pain Killer. Its effects are truly marvellous. —John Longley, 16 *Chapel-street, London, Jan.* 1870.—To Perry Davis and Son."

General News of the Week.

The Birmingham stipendiary magistrate fined a man named White 40s. and costs on Saturday for kissing a girl without her permission in a railway carriage.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell was one of the speakers at the meeting for founding a new sect of Deists the other day, at which Keshub Chunder Sen took a prominent part.

Fatal Accident to a Lady.—A married lady named Carvell, whilst riding in a pony carriage at Adderley, Cheshire, was thrown out upon the road by a sudden starting of the horse, and the carriage overturning she was instantly killed.

The *South London Press* mentions a most revolting illustration of what may result from gross ignorance. A woman brought to a surgery the other day a child in a nearly dying state, and the doctor elicited from her that she had been administering spiders to it as a cure for whooping-cough.

Our Marriage Laws.—A man named Churchill, arraigned for the offence of bigamy, has been acquitted at the Lancaster assizes, the prosecution not being provided with legal proof that the chapel at which the alleged first marriage took place was duly registered.

Reading the Planets.—At the Middlesex Sessions, Susan Lee, a "fortune teller," was convicted of having obtained a quantity of goods under false pretences from a maid servant at Highbury New-park. As she had previously suffered two years' penal servitude for a similar offence, she was now sentenced to seven years of the same punishment.

Grievance of a Governess.—A governess named Walker has obtained 750*l.*, in an action tried at the Nottingham Assizes, for breach of promise against a young man named Summerby. There was no defence to the action; Mr. Summerby said he had broken his promise only because his parents objected to his keeping it.

Cruelty by a Mother.—A woman named Ann Bodding, the wife of a sapper, has been sentenced to six calendar months' imprisonment by the Chatham stipendiary magistrate for cruelty to her child. The little fellow whom she had ill-used was only six years of age. After beating him excessively she fastened lucifer matches to his hand and set fire to them, thus injuring very severely three of his fingers.

Fatal Accident to Children.—A sad accident happened on Sunday, about eight o'clock in the evening, by which two young children lost their lives. It appears they were playing about on the parapet of the Thames Embankment, near Blackfriars-bridge, and accidentally fell over into the water, and sank directly. Some brave fellow jumped over, at the risk of his own life, to save them, but his efforts were unavailing, for they were never seen to rise again.

Execution of the Chelsea Murderer.—Walter Miller was hanged on Monday for the double murder at Chelsea. He appears to have eaten heartily and to have slept soundly ever since his conviction, and his conduct has been described by those about him as being most callous and unfeeling; he never appears to have exhibited anything like remorse for his crimes. It appears that his wife was delivered of a child on Wednesday last week, and at the request of the prisoner the child was taken to see him on the Friday, but he did not exhibit any emotion.

Lamentable Death of a Young Lady.—The *Dorset County Chronicle* reports the drowning of a young lady named Maud Alexander while bathing near Bridport. While she and her sister were in the water they suddenly disappeared. An elder sister who was on the shore succeeded in rescuing one of them, but the other had been some minutes under water before she was recovered. Life was then extinct. Everything that could be done was done, but without avail. The father of the young ladies, who resides in London, came to meet his family the same afternoon.

A Woman Shot Through Carlessness.—Esther Davis, a married woman, residing at Newton-bridge, was seriously wounded in the leg by a rifle bullet, a few evenings ago, while proceeding by train to Manchester. Some volunteers, who had been practising, were seen discharging their rifles on the way to the station. Mrs. Davis called out that she was shot, and it was found that a rifle ball, after entering the side of the carriage in a slanting direction, had passed through a seat, then through the woman's leg, and lodged at the back of the compartment.

The Forthcoming Census.—The English Census of 1871 is to show "the name, sex, age, rank, profession or occupation, condition, relation to head of family, and birthplace of every living person who abode in every house on the night of Sunday, the 2nd day of April, 1871; and also whether any are blind or deaf and dumb." Measures will also be taken for ascertaining the number of persons travelling, or, for any other reason, not abiding in any house. An account of houses will also be taken, occupied or uninhabited, or building. There will be a penalty for making a false return or refusing to make any.

The Rev. Robert Moffat, the venerable South African missionary, has arrived in London. Apart from his own great labours as a pioneer of civilisation who for more than fifty years has been successfully grappling with the most degrading forms of heathenism, Mr. Moffat may claim our honour and respect as the father-in-law of the great Livingstone, of whom, by the way, we are all so anxiously waiting for news. The object of Mr. Moffat's visit to this country is that he may see through the press the Bible which he has translated for some of the native tribes among whom his labours are cast.

An "Old Lady" Thief.—The other day a gentleman was waiting for a train at the Victoria Station, London, when he noticed an old lady, respectably dressed in black, faint on the seat next to him. He called at once for assistance for her, but she recovered quickly, and asked his permission to lean on his shoulder until she could reach a 'bus. This act of courtesy was readily accorded, and the gentleman duly placed the patient in a vehicle. On returning to the platform the gentleman discovered that the dear old creature had taken with her to remember him two sovereigns, which were loose in his waistcoat pocket, a penknife, a card-case, and an invitation to dinner. Nothing, in fact, could be more complete than the fell swoop made by the lonely, unprotected female.

Trained Nurses.—Lord John Manners, M.P., has presided over the annual meeting of the Institution for Trained Nurses at Leicester. The noble Lord said that, in these days, when women's rights were being clamoured for on many platforms, and when even Cabinet Ministers were heard to express hopes that women would successfully contest the seats on school boards, it was important to find out, if possible, less noisy but not less useful fields for women's labour and intelligence. In such a work as that of nursing the sick, for instance, a woman might well engage without being called upon to do anything not strictly in accordance with her primary mission, or which would unfit her hereafter, should

she wish it, to return to the ordinary avocations of domestic life. The benefits conferred by institutions such as the one in whose interest they were met were twofold—to nurses and nursed alike—for heroic virtues were practised in the ministrations of a sick room, and eloquent lessons were derived by the bedsides of dying men.

Ladies' Boat-race.—There is great excitement in Pittsburg over a boat-race which is to be rowed in a few days between three young ladies, named Miss M'Alice, Miss Lue, and Miss Whalen. The three ladies have been practising with great assiduity for the past two or three weeks, and the local papers are full of their exploits and descriptions. Miss M'Alice is described as about fifteen years of age, good-looking, and 109 pounds in weight. Miss Whalen, we are told, is eighteen years of age, black hair and eyes, and also good-looking. She has an advantage over Miss M'Alice in weight as well as in age. She weighs 119 pounds. Miss Lue is described as a fine-looking, auburn-haired girl, sixteen years of age. She has an advantage over both her opponents in weight. She weighs 130 pounds.

Alleged Cruelty to a Child.—Emma Harben, a married woman, has been arrested at Jersey on a charge of compassing the death of a child named Alice Mary Paint, aged twelve years, by gross ill-treatment, and neglecting to give her sufficient food. The prisoner had the care of the child, who she said was an orphan. The child used to call her "aunt;" but there is reason to believe the prisoner was her mother before her marriage. She made the child do all the household work, taxing her beyond her strength, and continually beat her for the veriest trifles. In addition to this the poor child was half starved, and eat ravenously any food the neighbours gave her. Two days before her death, though she was then and had been for some time in a dying state, she was sent into the street on an errand at eleven o'clock at night.

Desperate Suicide of a Woman.—Dr. Lankester held an inquest on Friday, at Camden-town, on the body of Mary Paulson, a poor woman, sixty years of age. On the Wednesday night, the deceased went out with a pint jug to get some beer, about ten o'clock, but did not return. No tidings of her were heard till a quarter to five on the Thursday morning, when W. Radburn, a labourer, residing at 4, Lower James-street, Camden-town, on going to his work, discovered the body of a woman floating just by the side of the Chalk Farm-road bridge of the Regent's Canal. The deceased had a heavy weight of iron, made in the form of a pin-cushion, and weighing about ten pounds, tied by a piece of strong sash line round her neck. She had the beer-jug in her hand, and on searching the clothes her pockets were found filled with stones. A verdict of temporary insanity was returned.

Robbing a Mistress.—At Wandsworth police-court, Kate Downey has been charged with robbing her mistress. Mrs. Sarah Montagu said the prisoner robbed her of some clothes on July 4, including a dress, a pair of boots, and stockings. She took her in as a servant. In the morning she sent her out for some tea and sugar, but she never returned. On witness going downstairs she found the place open; she found the prisoner "clean" gone and the things too. She found other things ready to be removed. The prisoner was wearing the things when she was taken into custody. She had taken off the flounce and altered the dress. In answer to the charge, she admitted taking all the things. She said she heard that Mrs. Montagu intended to discharge her, and as she had nothing to put on, she took the things. A remand was granted.

Murderous Folly.—On Sunday afternoon a young man, named Peter Cann, went to a neighbour's house at Newbridge, about three miles from Exeter, to purchase nuts. Seeing a gun in the corner of the room, and not knowing it was loaded, he took it up, went outside the house, and pointed the weapon through the open door of a room in which five or six people were sitting. He pulled the trigger, and the gun, which was unfortunately loaded, was discharged, and the contents flew about the room. A baby, sitting in the lap of a young married woman named Basten, was instantly killed, and the young woman was severely wounded in the chest, arm, neck, and face. A man named Holsworthy was also wounded in the face. The injured persons were immediately removed to the Devon and Exeter Hospital. Basten's husband was also in the room at the time of the casualty, and received a shot in his face, but he was only slightly injured.

Sudden Death of a Wife Through Fright. — Dr. Lankester has held an inquest at the Sir Ralph Abercrombie, Charles-street, Hatton-garden, touching the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Osborne, aged twenty-five years. Charles Osborne, 6, Caperton-place, Hatton-garden, said that deceased was his wife. On Tuesday morning last week, during the storm, witness left home, leaving deceased behind. Henry Phillips, residing in the same house, stated that on Tuesday morning, about half-past eight o'clock, deceased came into his room and said, "Oh, Mr. Phillips, I am so frightened of the thunder." The storm was terrific at the time. The deceased left to go into her room, and shortly afterwards he found her lying dead on the floor. The assistant to Dr. Gibson said he was called to see deceased on Tuesday and found her dead. The cause of death was the rupture of a vessel attached to the heart. The coroner said that the excitement would cause the rupture of the vessel, and instant death would result. A verdict of natural death was returned.

Breaches of Promise of Marriage.—At the Cambridgeshire Assizes on Monday Baron Channell presided, when the principal case was an action for breach of promise of marriage, brought by Ellen Bull, the daughter of a farmer at Ely, against the Rev. Henry Robinson, of St. John's College, Cambridge, who has been engaged in tuition at Manchester since 1864. The engagement commenced in 1864, and the letters were of the most ardent character up to 1867, when they suddenly changed on the part of defendant, who subsequently offered the plaintiff 250*l.* to release him. Mr. Metcalfe appeared for the plaintiff, and read a large number of letters, which showed the warmness of attachment which evidently existed between the parties at first. After the case had lasted all day the jury considered for about a quarter of an hour, and returned a verdict—damages for plaintiff, 350*l.* Another case was heard at the Secondaries' Court, Guildhall, before Mr. Secondary Potter and a special jury. The parties to the suit were about the same age—twenty-three years—and became acquainted at a place called Brocklehurst, in Hampshire, where the plaintiff was engaged as barmaid in an inn and hotel kept by her aunt, and the defendant was in the service of the railway company as booking clerk at the railway-station, at a yearly salary of 70*l.*, with prospective increase. The courtship continued for four or five years, until the spring of last year, when it was broken off by the defendant, on the ground of insufficiency of income to support a wife or enter the married state. It was alleged, however, by plaintiff's counsel that defendant was entitled to property of a very valuable nature, and that he had no valid excuse for his conduct. The jury awarded the plaintiff a verdict for damages at 110*l.*

LADIES AND THE WAR.

The ladies of Verdun have formed a society, with the wife of the Sub-Prefect at their head, to nurse the wounded.

Lively sympathy for France is shown throughout the Austrian Empire. In most of the large towns the ladies are making lint and collecting subscriptions for the French soldiers.

Victor Hugo says: "What a splendid example and a great benefit it would be for the ladies of Guernsey to employ themselves! As the men do the injury, you women devise the remedy; and since, on this earth there are wicked angels, you be the good ones. If you wish it—and you will wish it—a considerable quantity of lint can be collected in a short time." Victor Hugo concludes by suggesting that it be divided equally, and that one portion be sent to France and the other to Prussia.

Mdme. de Boutelier, wife of the deputy for the Moselle, has addressed a letter to some of the wives of her husband's colleagues, stating that the municipality of Metz has just been informed officially that it must take steps to provide immediately beds and assistance for 4,000 or 5,000 wounded. That lady makes an appeal for assistance.

The Belgian journals publish the address of the Belgian Ladies' Society for assisting the wounded, signed by Baroness de Cornbrughe de Looringhe, Vice-President of the Society and President of the Ladies' Committee. The society is under the patronage of the Queen, asks for help of all kinds—old linen, bandages, provisions, &c., and invites ladies to come forward as nurses.

The following is the commencement of a letter addressed by the Crown Princess of Prussia, daughter of Queen Victoria, to the Committee of the National Association in favour of wounded persons in Prussia: "Once again the country calls its sons under the flag to defend the most sacred rights, the honour and independence of Germany. An enemy whom we have in no way wronged envies us the fruits of our victories, the pacific accomplishment of our great national work. Braved and insulted in its dearest possessions, the whole people—we have no other army—has seized on its well-tried weapons and rushes to the defence of its hearths and families."

A letter from Strasburg, in the *Siècle*, says: "Women are arriving here in large numbers to act as infirmary nurses. They come from all parts—French, Italians, English, and even Americans. At Nancy, on the Place Stanislas, I met the engraver of an illustrated journal. 'Will you come with me? I am about to sketch a young American lady who has come here to nurse our wounded.' I followed to the hotel, where we found her; she was young, pretty, and, according to report, rich; certainly an amiable nurse to distract the attention of her patients."

The Empress of the French telegraphed to the Emperor, on Monday, saying that she desired to go to Metz to see him, to embrace her son, and to show herself to the army and endeavour to increase the enthusiasm for the war, as it is apt to be increased in such cases by a woman's presence. The Emperor replied, thanking her for her wishes and intentions, but requesting her not to carry these out, as he should have left Metz before she could arrive there, and he was unable to tell her where she could find him.

A committee of ladies, with the Countess Bernstorff at their head, has been established in London for the purpose of raising a fund to afford help to the sick and wounded among the Prussian army during the war.

The *Veu National* of Metz writes as follows: "The most frightful misery prevails in Rhenish Prussia, to such a point that the women and children, driven by hunger, arrive at the French outposts, and solicit the compassion of the soldiers. These latter share their soup and bread with these unfortunate people."

A private letter from Darmstadt, dated a few days ago, has the following: "The arrangements for the wounded are being carried on with much vigour. At the Princess Alice's palace there is a party composed of ladies making bandages out of old soft linen, &c. The Princess, it is said, is one of the most industrious. The ball-room is half full of stuff for making these bandages. All the day long you see men with a piece of white linen, with a red cross on it, tied round their arm—the sign, I think, of St. John, which you always see on ambulance waggons on the continent—soliciting contributions from the inhabitants of different necessaries for the wounded, which solicitations are liberally responded to. The cheering of troops and the people on their passing through the town is kept up from five o'clock in the morning till one o'clock at night."

That Cat Again!—The substance known as benzoline seems to be little less dangerous to handle than paraffin; a sad accident caused by it is reported from Bradford. Shortly after ten o'clock on Thursday night last week, Mr. David Taylor, a chemist and druggist, was engaged in emptying a thirty-six-gallon cask of benzoline into smaller vessels, when a cat, which had been jumping about, knocked over the candle by the light of which he performed the operation. Alarmed and confused by the circumstance, Mr. Taylor dropped from his hand a half-gallon measure filled with benzoline, which, becoming ignited, instantly set fire to the house. A wooden staircase beneath which the fire arose was immediately in a blaze, as were also soon after the rooms above. Efforts at suppression were made by the inmates, but in vain. Two local fire brigades went to the spot and extinguished the fire in about an hour. Soon after they arrived a police officer, with difficulty and at great peril, rescued from bed in an upper room a child of one year and nine months, but it was found to be dead, either from suffocation or burning. Mr. Taylor estimates his pecuniary loss at 1,200*l.* or 1,400*l.*

Holloway's Ointment and Pills – Women's Trials.—Nothing so systematically weakens the human constitution as the suspension of any function. Mothers should pay particular attention to the health of their daughters at that time when neglect will inevitably produce constitutional debility. The commencement of this derangement is usually discovered by the development of certain nervous symptoms, which will gradually pass away if Holloway's Ointment be well rubbed twice a-day upon the back and abdomen, whilst his Pills are taken in appropriate doses. This treatment safely corrects every faulty function. The most obstinate cases cannot long resist the wholesome and restorative power of these active remedies, if used with perseverance and assisted by proper diet and moderate out-door exercise.

The Mothers' Column.

"TRIPPING LIKE A FAIRY."

MEASURING THE BABY.

By Emma Alice Browne.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the blackbirds whistled
High up in the old root trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill!

His eyes were wide as blue-bells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! In a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose;

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With heaven's light o'er it drawn.
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited for him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown!

LITTLE MAY.

By Fanny M. Barton.

What shall we name the baby? She is nearly three months old—a plump, jolly bit of humanity, quite important enough to have a name of her own. Important indeed! She is a princess by the divine right of babies. She rules us all, from papa to Harry, the poor little prince who was dethroned at her accession. Her tiny voice is the signal for a grand marshalling of forces, and night or day, baby's will is the law of our life.

There have been babies before, and there will be babies again, but none like this one. Mamma is always watching her eyes, and speculating about their colour, or kissing her little bald head, and coaxing the silky fuzz, that, seen by the eye of faith, is supposed to be hair; and Harry shows her pink, fat feet, with the "turning" toes, to his admiring boy friends, as a great and distinguishing favour.

But what shall we call the little creature to distinguish her from other angels of her size? It is proposed to name her May—the question is put to the assembled household and carried by acclamation. To be sure she was not born in May, according to the technical sense of the word; but she has not been of much account heretofore to anybody but the patient young mother—merely a bundle of red flesh swathed in

flannels, so that this month of springing grass and opening buds is really her natal time, and she is waking to life with the apple blossoms.

And now what shall we do with our pet—our pretty May flower? Just what God does with the violets and daisies! Make the atmosphere around her as warm and soft and tender with love as the heavenly air that broods over the earth to-day. Give her room to develop her own individual life—and push no intrusive will into the orbit of her soul. Let us see how our Father brings up a rose, and take a lesson therefrom. He gives it a place to grow in; soil for its roots; nourishment for all its functions; room, sunshine, and lets it alone to be itself. So we want our baby to grow.

When she wakes from her vision of angels, let her see only smiles; let not our cares and sorrows come near her; let us not pay off our old scores with life by scolding May for following out the laws of babyhood. Let us not mistake the guilty one in our small tiffs of household discipline. If May builds a house of mamma's holiday books, with her point lace for upholstery, let the owner of the treasures be punished with rigour for leaving them in baby's way, but let us fear to incur the guilt of slapping those little constructive hands; let us never wound her tender heart by punishing that which is as innocent as nest-building in a bird.

May is pure, and sweet, and loving. After she has lived with us a half dozen years, we may make the discovery that she is totally depraved; but she is as ignorant now of wrong as that robin atilt on the lilac bough—even a bird would exhibit signs of depravity, if, when making his free circuits through the sweet, blessed air, he should break his wing against somebody's arrogant, unjust will.

We will let May alone, and try to become ourselves like little children, so that all she sees and hears shall be noble and true. We will try to clear ourselves from the stain of the world, that no soil may touch her whiteness. We want her to be by-and-bye a woman, with a soul grandly rounded. We want her to blossom perfectly, but always to keep her childish faith intact, like a drop of honey in a flower-cup. We want her to develop all the beautiful germs in the rich nature that has been given her. There is but one way to attain this. Give her love, give her liberty to be herself, and live before her the life we wish her to imitate.

God bless little May, and all good angels have her in their keeping!

Wine and Walnuts.

A GREAT NOVELIST ON THE TEAPOT.

"Do any of our readers remember Thackeray's remarks on tea and teapots, those butts for small wits who would thrive at woman's expense? Any way, the words of that master of fiction on the subject are worth a place here. He says: "What a part of confidante has that poor teapot played ever since the kindly plant was introduced among us! What myriads of women have cried over it, to be sure! What sick beds it has smoked by! What fevered lips have received refreshment from out of it! Nature meant very kindly by women when she made the tea-plant. With a little thought what a series of pictures and groups the fancy may conjure up and assemble round the teapot and cup! Melissa and Sacharissa are talking love secrets over it. Polly has it and her lover's letters upon the table; his letters who was her lover yesterday, and when it was with pleasure, not despair, she wept over them. Mary comes tripping noiselessly into her mother's bedroom, bearing a cup of the consoler to the widow who will take no other food. Ruth is busy concocting it for her husband, who is coming home from the harvest-field—one could fill a page with hints for such pictures; finally, Mrs. Shandon and little Mary sit down and drink their tea together, while the Captain goes out and takes his pleasure. She cares for nothing else but that, when her husband is away."

WOMAN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

A WRITER in one of Chambers' popular publications has been bringing together some interesting particulars regarding English ladies in the "good old times." The early marriage ceremony among the Anglo-Saxons was of a very primitive character; it consisted merely of hand-fasting (*hand-festnung*), or taking each other by the hand, and pledging love and affection, in the presence of friends and relations. The bridegroom paid the father a sum of money called a *foster-lean*, or payment for nourishing. At a later period the early custom of espousals was reduced to a regular system, and the lover was required to give a *wed*, or security for the performance of his contract; hence our word *wedding*. Under the influence of Christianity the bride was allowed to have a voice in the contract, and break off the contract before her tenth year, and the father had not to return the money paid by the lover. If the lady wished to refuse before her twelfth year the father had to return the money, or pay a fine. By this means a father could espouse his daughter to several lovers, obtaining their money, and persuading her to cancel the contract. The Church soon saw the impropriety of this, and ordered a girl who had refused the husband provided for her to retire into a convent. Rather a harsh measure. The clergy soon introduced more formalities into the marriage ceremony. The Anglo-Saxon bridegroom put a ring on the maiden's right hand at the espousals, which, at the marriage, was removed to the left, on the first finger. The father at the same time delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom; and the latter touched her on the head with it, to show his authority. This ceremony is still preserved now in the popular custom of throwing shoes after a newly-married couple. It has been supposed that the gift of the shoe had its origin in that of placing the foot on the neck of a prisoner or slave. The morning after the marriage, the husband presented the wife with a valuable present, called the morning gift; and in later times the amount was stipulated before the ceremony. At the close of the tenth century, the Lady Wyntlæd left an estate to a relation, which she states had been her morning gift. When Athelstan's sister, Eadgith, married Otho, Emperor of Germany, he gave her the city of Magdeburg as her morning gift. If a widow married again within a year of her husband's death, she forfeited everything she had received from him—the origin, doubtless, of our feeling that a widow ought to wait a year before marrying again. Mr. Wright points out that the position of women under the Danes was comparatively good. A woman had actually a right by law to the custody of her husband's keys.

Before marriage a girl wore her hair long, hanging down; but after, it was cut shorter or bound up. According to the ecclesiastical Anglo-Saxon laws, the bishops gave the right to divorce; and marriage was not permitted within the fifth degree of consanguinity—a ridiculous rule, frequently set at naught. The clergy of the old school then had their wives, though this was altered by Dunstan at a later period. The convents were frequently places of luxurious living, to say the least. Mr. Thrupp, in his "Anglo-Saxon Home," page 231, gives this description of the lady abbess of one of these establishments: "She appeared in a scarlet tunic with full skirts and wide sleeves and hood, over an under vest of fine linen of a violet colour, with shoes of red leather. Her face was rouged, and her hair curled with irons over the forehead and temples; ornaments of gold encircled her neck, heavy bracelets adorned her arms, and jewelled rings were upon her fingures. Her nails were worn long, and cut to a sharp point, to resemble the talons of a hawk."

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.

IT is better for you to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation be slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull preceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-souchy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and liking the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—THACKERAY.

Notes Interesting and Odd.

IN Queen Victoria's crown there are 1,363 brilliant diamonds; 1,273 rose diamonds, and 147 table diamonds, 1 large ruby, 17 saphires, 11 emeralds, 4 small rubies, and 227 pearls—a total of 2,186 precious stones.

THE RATS.

By Miss Tabiatha Allforlorn.

When I'm sitting
At my knitting
After tea—
Deary me!
Such commotion,
Land o' Goschen!
And it's all
In the wall.

Rumble, tumble,
Flurry, scurry,
Now a rushing,
And a crushing,
Now a rattle,
And a battle,
Now a squeak
And a fall.

So I sit
And I knit;
And I ponder
And wonder,
And scarcely know how,
In the racket and row,
My wits to recall.

But the clatter,
For that matter,
And the rumble,
And tumble
And scratching
And catchlng
Keep on
Through it all.

Rats in dozens,
With their cousins,
Or in droves,
With their loves,
Now it's raps,
Now it's taps,
Or it's crunching,
Or munching.

Or a creak,
Or a shriek.
If I knew
What to do,
Or you'd show,
Where to go,
I'd be off
Like a streak.

But no, I must stay
While they clamour away,
Traps, cats,
Sticks or rats.
Bane or gun,
It's all one.
No, it's fudge,
They won't budge!

Rats are rats,
Spite of cats
And the rest.
But—my star!—
Beginning or end,
Or middle, depend
The things are a pest.
And they're all
In the wall,
So they are!

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.—Some years ago the firm of X. and Y. was regarded as one of the richest and most honourable in the St. Denis quarter. The senior partner had full confidence in Y., and frequently left him in sole charge of affairs when he himself was obliged by delicate health to be absent from Paris. In his visits to various watering-places, X. was always accompanied by his daughter, Amelie, a charming little girl of eight, in whom, since the death of his wife, the father was completely wrapped up. One day, on his return to Paris, from Vichy, he was greatly surprised to find the offices of the firm closed, and in a few minutes discovered that his confidential partner had absconded with all the available assets of the firm. M. X. possessed, it is true, an independent fortune of his own, but, too honest to victimise the creditors of the firm by suffering it to be declared bankrupt, he himself paid off all those whom his faithless partner had left in the lurch. This honourable conduct left him almost a beggar, and he was so broken down by his misfortunes, and by anxiety for the future welfare of his child, that a short illness carried him off. The orphan child met with a kind friend in a former servant of her mother's, a brave and generous woman, who, hearing of Amelie's terrible bereavement and distress, insisted upon her sharing her own home, and such comforts as she could offer. But after a few years this kind protectress was herself taken away, and Mdlle. X. was once more, when scarcely fifteen, thrown on the world. She had, however, a brave heart, and after some trouble obtained employment with a great millinery establishment, supporting herself by her needle for three years. At the expiration of this time she was astonished by receiving a letter from a New York notary requesting her to come out immediately to take possession of a large fortune left to her by M. Y., her father's former partner, who touched by remorse, had made a will on his deathbed in her favour. After consulting with her employer Amelie sailed for New York, and found that the fortune bequeathed to her was nearly double that of which she had originally been deprived, fortune having smiled upon the absconding partner, who had now made restitution. Returning to Paris, she invited her kind employer, and all her old companions, and every one who had befriended her in adversity, to a *fête* in honour of her happiness. This took place last Thursday week at Clamart amidst general rejoicings from all those who had known and respected her father's integrity, and her own brave struggle with the world.

The Merry Hour.

TELL IT NOT IN GATH.—A young lady, who is learning to play on the piano, wrote the following note to her music-teacher a few days ago: "Dear Mrs. ——, I wish to be Xcused from Takin a Lesson until a Weak frum 2 Day as we will Bee Co Buizzy and i wont have Time 2 Praktess."

An old Greenland seaman said he could really believe that crocodiles shed tears, for he had often seen whales blubber.

Wimming have their rights in Wyoming, but then Wyoming can never become "Woming" Territory. And What's to prevent it? Y, don't you see?—that letter won't let her.

A stern necessity—a rudder.
A good country seat—a milking-stool.
The first part of the Game of Life—Cribb-age.

"I say, ma," exclaimed a little minx of thirteen, "do you know what the pyrotechnical remedy is for a crying infant?" "Gracious goodness me, no; I never heard of such a thing." "Well, ma, it's rocket."

"Lenny," said his maiden aunt, "you should eat the barley that is in your soup, or you'll never get a man." Lenny, looking up innocently, inquired: "Is that what you eat it for, aunty?"

A POSITIVE PROOF.—Mrs. Curtis: "And are you positively certain that your mistress is out?" Anne: "She is, indeed, ma'am." Mrs. Curtis: "I *think* if you were to say that Mrs. Curtis—" Anne: "Oh! then, ma'am, if so be that your name's Curtis, I'm *quite* sure that mistress is out!"

Aristocratic Doctor to Poor Patient—"Do you *expectorate* much, my good woman?" "Och? now, docthur, don't be afther tazin me," answered the patient. "How could th' loikes o' me *expect to ate much?* Me, that hasn't touched a morsel these two days."

"I like to see the dear little creatures amusing themselves," said Mrs. Brown, when her elder boy took the visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good matron, to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air, "soon as the kite comes down he will give it to you."

A bright little four-year-old boy, being called to go to bed at an earlier hour than suited his inclination, put the following poser to his mother: "Is the moon the little stars' mamma?" "Yes, my child," was the answer. "Well mamma, then why does she let them stay up all night? Don't you think *she* knows what's right?"

A Quaker told a young man just married: "Friend, thou art now at the end of all thy troubles." The bride turned out a vixen, and in a week the young man came back with the upbraiding remark: "I thought you told me I was at the end of my troubles!" "So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man were travelling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air, and to avert danger it was agreed to watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the bald-headed man instead of me."

AN ALPHABET OF CROQUET AND COURTSHIP.

A was an Acre of level green-sward;
B was the Box where the mallets were stored;
C stands for Chaperons throned in the distance;
D the dear Daughters who made no resistance;
E the Effects of intelligent Spooning;
F my Friend Frobisher hopelessly mooning;
G was the Girl with the foot least of all;
H was the Hoop whereon Gordon did fall;
I was the Iron he met by mistake;
J was the Jump pain compelled him to take;
K was the Kiss of the red ball and blue;
L the Lieutenant who always *took two;*
M was the Miss he mistook for a mile;
N was the Nabob who sought Fanny's smile;
O the Objection she had to his glance;
P was the Pride of his pompous advance;
Q was the Question he popped at the post;
R the Rupees which he grandly did boast;
S was the Scorn that the Nabob did meet;
T the quick Time of the Nabob's retreat;
U the Unrest of Armanda's emotion;
V being Valentine, full of devotion;
W was the Walk which the lovers thought best;
X the 'Xertion that caused them to rest;
Y was the "Yes" that he sought with a sigh;
Z was the Zephyr that wafted reply.

Jinks, the milkman, one morning forgot to water his milk. In the hall of one of his customers on his round the sad omission flashed upon Jinks' wounded feelings. A large tub of clean water stood on the floor by his side, no eye was upon him, and thrice did Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub, before the maid brought up the jugs. Jinks served her, and went on. While he was bellowing down the next area, his first customer's footman beckoned him from the door. Jinks returned, and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk. "Jinks," said his lordship. "My lord," replied Jinks. "Jinks," continued his lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would henceforth bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me to mix them myself." "Well, my

lord, it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship watched me while—"No," interrupted the nobleman; "the fact is that my children bathe at home, Jinks, and the butt in the hall was full of sea-water."

"Is it possible, Miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own name may be a year hence."

"I beseech of thee not to go to this war," said a Quaker lady, to her son, an accomplished physician. "But I do not go to fight, mother; I am going as a medical man; surely there is no harm in that." "Well, well," replied the old lady, with a beaming look of love and loyalty in her eyes, "go, then, if it must be so; and if thee finds that thee kills more than thee cures, I advise thee to go straightway over to the enemy."

During the delivery in America of Miss Olive Logan's lecture on "Girls," the other evening, the fair lecturer, in her confidential talk with "pretty girls," said: "Shall I tell you how I feel? Well, I will tell you. I never saw a pretty girl in all my life, one upon whose cheeks the roses were blooming, but that I wanted to fold her in my arms and kiss her." A person of the male persuasion, who had not seen more than twenty-five summers, forgetful of the dignity of the occasion, gave evidence of a fellow feeling, by, in a quite loud voice, exclaiming, "I feel just so, too."

What ladies are veracious? Annie Conder and Allie Gaiter.—What lady lived in Noah's time? Ann T. Diluvian.—What lady is acquainted with surgery? Ann Atomy.—What lady is good to eat? Sal Ladd.—What lady is good to eat with her? Olive Oil.—What lady is made to carry burdens? Ella Fant.—What lady preaches in the pulpit? Minnie Star.—What lady does everybody desire? Ann U. Ity.—What lady is fond of debate? Polly Tishun.—What lady paints portraits? Minnie Ture.—What lady paints comic ones? Carrie K. Ture.—What lady is fond of giving? Jennie Rossity.—What lady is used to war? Milly Tairy.—What lady is lively and gay?—Annie Mation.

(From *Punch*).

THE BEST "CHURCH SERVICE."—Matrimony.

GEE WOE, WAGNER!

A Solo by Mr. Crusty, after hearing a Selection from the Opera of Tannhäuser.

"The music of the future," eh?
Well, some may think it pleasant!
But when such trash again they play,
I'll for the future hope I may
Not be among the present!

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2s. 6d. each.]

BIRTHS.

On the 29th ultimo, at 2, Park-crescent, Portland-place, the wife of H. A. Blyth, Esq., of a son.

On the 30th ultimo, at 11, Old Burlington-street, the wife of Dr. Bristowe, of a daughter.

On the 30th ultimo, at 23, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park, the Lady Henry Vere Cholmondeley, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 30th ultimo, at St. Paul's, Ball's-pond, by the Rev. G. Calthrop, M.A., vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury New-park, Horace James, eldest son of H. Rydon, Esq., of Highbury New-park, to Emma Catherine, eldest daughter of the late J. Eastham, Esq., of Walton-le-Dale, Preston.

DEATHS.

On the 30th ultimo, at Ryde, Charles Richard George, eldest son of the Hon. Gerald and Lady Louisa Dillon, in his twenty-first year.

On the 28th ultimo, at 1, Clapton-place, Clapton, Mrs. Hannah Hennell, aged ninety-one.

On the 26th ultimo, at 5, Cambridge-place, Paddington, Mr. Joseph Kesterton, aged seventy-one.

"For a year and a half I have suffered so much with rheumatism in my arm as to deprive me of all rest, and as I could get no relief from the medical faculty, my daughter persuaded me to try your Pain Killer. The first bottle convinced me that it would restore the use of my arm as well as remove the pain, and before I had finished the second I had got the cure I had so long sought in vain.—ELIZA MARKS, *Milksham, Oct.* 20, 1868.—To Perry Davis and Son, London."

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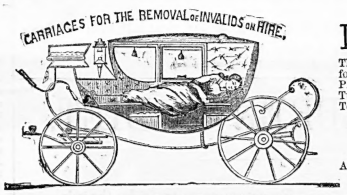

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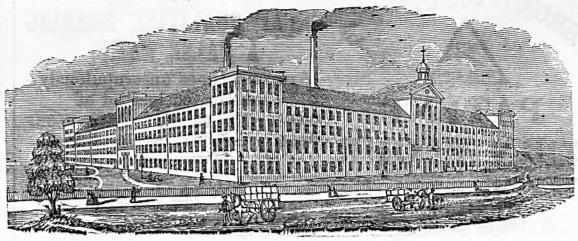

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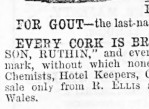

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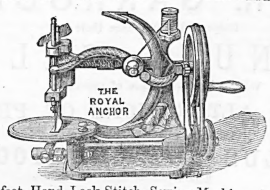

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